

# THE DIAL

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## THE SECRET OF FAR EASTERN PAINTING.

Since Admiral Perry's fleet definitely opened Japan to the West, barely sixty years have elapsed; but during that time scholars and men of science have discovered that in all the arts of civilization — music, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, religion, philosophy — China and Japan can boast of a record as long and as fruitful as any in the West. Particularly has this been noteworthy up to the present in matters of painting. Chinese and Japanese painting in this country can boast of its enthusiastic collectors like Fenollosa and Freer, its admirers and followers like La Farge and Whistler, its students like Ross and Cram. In the great Freer collection at Detroit, which will some day become part of the national collection at Washington, and in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts collection, we have materials for estimating the value and importance of Chinese painting (of which Japanese is only an offshoot) which can only be equalled, if equalled at all, in the Far East itself. A few bold spirits even now are beginning to declare that they are able to draw more pleasure and inspiration from the masterpieces of Far Eastern painting than from the best Western efforts of to-day and yesterday. What, then, is this charm — wherein lies the secret of Chinese and Japanese painting?

A great mistake is made by the Western nations in supposing that education is a matter of the development of purely intellectual faculties. Education is not of the mind only, but of the body also. To fill the memory with immense quantities of uncorrelated, misinterpreted, and undigested facts is far more noxious than to remain in sheer ignorance. A true education is that which trains the senses to investigate for themselves, the brain to observe and correlate sensation, the spirit to receive it and give it out to the world.

Now the extraordinary point about Chinese and Japanese painters is that, although they were trained to observe nature and life, their

work looks to us altogether artificial and conventional. How deep that training went may be shown when I say that in the later Sung period, about 1200 A. D., when Chinese landscape art reached its high-water mark, the artists who achieved this summit were trained in the Zen Buddhist doctrine, a natural pantheism, the cardinal point of which was that everything in nature has, not only its outer form, but its inner state of feeling, with which the artist must be in sympathy before he can properly paint it. If the aim of the Chinese landscapists of the Sung period was to get as far as possible into sympathy with their subjects, why is it that they painted in such a conventional manner? It is because the act of receiving inspiration from nature and the art of rendering it again, are altogether different processes.

In nature everything exists in a state of diffusion. You look at a figure or a landscape, and you come away with a feeling of peace; at another, and you have a shrinking of horror; at another, and you have a feeling of conflict, of battle. To make plain all these underlying emotions and feelings is the aim of art—of any art. If one sits down and attempts to absorb all the various detail that made up this feeling, one simply absorbs the illusion and not the underlying reality. Everything remains diffused, unsynthetized, uncoördinated. Mental effort of this sort is only the absorption of a certain number of curious statistics. If one tries merely to put these statistics down on canvas again, one produces a sort of statistical analysis, drier and less interesting than the reality, which not only contained these statistics but something which appealed to normal universal emotion as well. If one proceeds by the Oriental method, one does not necessarily seek to put down any of the statistics of the reality. One selects from the whole object or series of objects before one a few features which contain all the emotional import of that object, and strives to render these in such a way as to suggest all the rest. One art is an art of statement; the other, an art of selection and restatement in another medium. One is uncreative; the other is creative.

The first secret of Oriental art is therefore that, unlike Western art of to-day, it does not

rest on the doctrine that the eye transmits certain things to the brain, and the brain, through the medium of the hand, tries to transmit them unaltered to the picture; but that the brain constantly uses the eye to grasp the meaning of what is set before it, and the hand renders again this meaning in a different way. The Western artist uses nature as an end, and painting as a *means* to that end; the Oriental uses painting as an end, and nature as a means. Western art is a worship of external form; Eastern art is a rendering of internal mood.

In no ways are Western and Chinese art more contrasted than in their ideas of composition, perspective, and color. Let us take up composition and perspective first, and try to grasp what the Oriental means by them.

Of the famous six canons of Chinese painting formulated about fifteen hundred years ago, the first is life-rhythm, and the last composition and finish. Perspective is not mentioned. This is instructive, but more instructive still is the old anecdote of some Chinese artist who became famous for his ability to render a hundred miles of landscape on a fan.

The Western artist always conceives of his picture as fitting into a frame. He literally grows into the habit of looking at nature through the medium of a round or square or oblong hole. To fill this blank space is his object. The habit of squaring off one's drawing, or measuring the proportion of objects with the stump of a pencil extended at arm's length, finishing a painting after it has been framed, is altogether Western. The Western picture is evidently a well-filled, but limited cross-section of space.

To the Oriental nothing seems more absurd. He conceives of a piece of silk or of paper as capable of infinite extension. He does not work inward from the frame; he does not stand mentally outside his picture and look into it; he works outward from the centre, and standing at ease there looks about him on every side and sees the dignity and beauty of infinite space. Thus many Chinese and Japanese works look empty to our untrained eyes. The objects therein are simply space-boundaries which are enclosed by emptiness. When a Chinese speaks of composition, he means the spacing of his objects. He arranges

his spaces in such a way that the material or filled element becomes merely a boundary of line or tone to restrain the extent of the immaterial or unfilled space. This is done, first, by lines tending to the horizontal, expressive of breadth; by lines tending to the vertical, expressing height and depth; by gradation of tone, expressing the infinite variations of materiality; and, finally, by spotting, which is perhaps the most important of all, since every touch in this art tends to become a spot of interest on which the eye can rest for a moment before traversing another free space. It is this conception of composition as arrangement of subject-matter diverging into space, rather than as filling a square or oblong or circle with converging shapes, that makes the actually smaller Chinese and Japanese *kakemonos* more decorative and bigger in effect than the enormous walls of European and American public buildings, crowded with figures. It is also this which enabled the Oriental artists to give us the *makimono*, or roll picture, of which only one section could be seen at a time, but which had the continuity of a frieze, as well as an infinite variety of movement and arrangement. Beside many of these *makimono*s, the Parthenon frieze looks conventional—the mere repetition of a pattern. Finally, it was this constant freedom from space limitations which enabled the Chinese and Japanese to give us different and unrelated aspects of a scene or landscape in one work; as, for instance, the painting of all four seasons on a single screen, or of a hundred miles of landscape on a fan, or the telling of an entire story in one picture.

As for perspective, the idea that Chinese artists knew nothing about perspective still persists as the popular view. Now, it may be true that far objects do appear smaller than near ones. But a thing may be true to fact without being true in art. When one seeks to interpret nature, not merely to state her, one may discover that a tiny speck of distant mountain overpowers all the foreground. The real perspective is the mental perspective, not the ocular. It is bad art to try to paint objects at their relative depth for the eye, because, in the first place, it denies the most obvious fact about painting,

namely, that painting is something on a flat space of paper, silk, or canvas; and, secondly, because thereby we are merely parroting nature, without thought, without attaining any nearer to nature's meaning. It is enough to see things in perspective; why should we trouble to paint them in that way?

The last, the greatest, the most difficult secret of Chinese painters is their science of color. There has been a great deal of talk about the beauty of color in Oriental art. Incidentally, a goodly portion of this refers to the later realistic work of the color-print school, which, as every student of Oriental art knows, represents the decadence. The astounding, paradoxical fact about Chinese color is that the great Chinese artists avoided color as much as possible. Their highest art was simple monochrome in black and white; their science of color was not a science of color at all but of the relations of tone. To appreciate the highest Chinese art an eye trained to distinguish the most subtle gradations is necessary, just as to appreciate Chinese music the ear must catch the subtlest dissonances and variations of rhythm.

It is a fact that black in painting does not necessarily represent darkness, nor does white represent light. The Occidental painter—particularly if he be of an academic cast—appears to think that he need only paint in dark colors to represent shade and in light colors to represent sunlight. He even goes further and talks of hot and cold coloring. All this would appear sheer nonsense to the subtle Oriental. There can be glossy warm blacks or dull dirty blacks, just as there can be dull lifeless whites or singing dazzling ones. It is this play of illuminated or of unlit surfaces, this grading of tone, not according to its color, but its value as light or the reverse, that is the great secret of Oriental art. The Japanese call it *notan*.

The reason for this astonishing diversity between the East and the West, is after all, less a divergence of conception than a divergence of technical means. The Chinese and Japanese never employed oil-painting. All their work is done in washes of water-color on silk or paper. The surface of the silk or paper represents, in this case, light. The washes permit certain amounts of light to filter through, or block these out, as the case

may be. Oil-painting is not capable of such translucency. All the light in an oil-painting must fall directly on the canvas. Hence the old convention — so puzzling to an outsider — which leads Western painters to paint in a deeper range of tone than that which nature offers them, is justified. Take an old Chinese picture and hang it alongside an old oil-painting. In the Chinese picture the silk has gone brown, but the colors have not altered; in the Western picture the colors have grown dark and clogged with age, but the canvas underneath remains the same. It is an interesting problem to settle: has oil-painting given us the most satisfactory, the highest form of painting possible?

I do not pretend to answer this question. *Notan* — the gradation of tone-harmonies — is possible to a certain extent even in oil-painting, though not to such a subtle extent as the Chinese offer us. Although the Oriental mind accepts monochrome as the highest form of art, again and again the great Chinese and Japanese have put color into their work. This is especially true of religious paintings, which were especially meant to give richness of effect among the gorgeous splendor of temple-decoration. But even then color was used in a restrained way, and always in combination with *notan*.

Among Western artists the quarrel still persists whether art should or should not have a moral purpose. This quarrel has never existed in the East. To the Oriental, education is just as much of the body as of the soul. A beautiful material thing is the outer envelope of a beautiful spiritual thing. The Oriental shuns vulgar coarseness as he shuns narrow didacticism. And here again he is right. Anything that is so presented to us as to impress us with its dignity is not only beautiful but also morally uplifting and cleansing. Little does it matter whether Michelangelo has preached for us a sermon on the Sistine ceiling; the dignity of the presentation is in itself better than any sermon, while in the case of the "Last Judgment," the want of dignity makes the sermon fail. When Ma Yuan in one of his landscapes gives us a fisherman's hut, a few sprays of bamboo, and the outlines of immense distant mountains, the subject matters very little, the treatment becomes everything.

Style, therefore, becomes the secret of art. Style is artistic morality; it is more — it is the means by which our consciousness of man's mission asserts and expresses itself. Man differs from the rest of the animal kingdom precisely because he is concerned with the purposes of things rather than their effects. To explain and investigate his vague and hesitating notions of the purpose of creation, he has invented speech, music, drawing, arts, and sciences. To draw anything is to describe it, to fix the consciousness steadfastly upon it. It is to write its meaning in a hieroglyphic freer and less conventional than that the author uses, but at the same time more comprehensive. Hence the stress laid upon line by the Oriental artists. Hence the long and earnest study of style, which to their eyes is always inherent in line. Hence the analysis of every form of brush stroke that it is possible to make, for a brush stroke is only a line. Hence the alliance between good writing and good painting — the joining together of drawing and calligraphy. The superiority of a great Oriental painter over a great Occidental is a purely moral superiority. The Western artist may have spent all his life trying to drive home moral teachings. He may be richer in color, more diverse in range, more skilled in science of form, capable of bolder conceptions. But all this avails him nothing against the dignity with which the Oriental has invested a spray of simple bamboo. The dignity was not in the plant itself, but solely in the painter's eye, mind, and hand, as these worked together to render it in line, tone, and feeling.

Let no one suppose that I am advocating a slavish submission on the part of Western artists to Oriental doctrines and precepts. To create a tribe of imitators is not my aim. High as Chinese and Japanese art was at its zenith, it, too, suffered complete decadence through a facile and feeble eclecticism which went on producing copies of copies of copies until nothing was left. There is no painting worthy the name now in China; and in Japan we have nothing but a feeble and meaningless compromise between realism and the weakened dregs of stylistic training, or an even more preposterous aping of European methods. Great Chinese and Japanese art is gone — as completely, as utterly as Greek,



Florentine, or Venetian. But while it is gone, there have been signs that a new development of Western art was coming.

The movement labelled loosely Post-Impressionism has proved at least one thing—that there is a genuine revolt against the shallow pseudo-scientific training of Western artists and art schools. Men like Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, were undoubtedly men who were honestly seeking to bring about a greater conception of painting, based on primitive impulse and feeling rather than on scientific perspective or analysis of light. Whether their work was successful or not, it was right in its aim, in that it combated the stifling realism and super-culture of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, the mannerisms and not the aims of these great men have borne their fruit in the cubist's and the futurist's efforts—work which agitates the brain to no end, as Okakura pointed out, work devoid of anything but surface sensation. The war has ended this craze for novelty at any cost. And now art, if it survives at all in Europe, will probably revert to the sterile academic formulas of the Salon schools and the Royal Academies,—the shadow of a shadow of a shadow,—or it will have to start again from the very beginning.

America is more fortunate. We are escaping the war at a period when it is more necessary than ever before that we cease taking in elements from without and begin to create something like a homogeneous national development. Paris has nothing more to teach our artists. We have at least twenty men who can beat anything in Paris (except the work of a few veterans) on its own ground. But China and Japan can teach us these great lessons: Natural form is necessary to a picture, but natural form that is not felt is unnecessary. Realism is bad art, but reality that is interpreted and made lofty and dignified by its interpretation, is great art. In a picture nature must appeal to our emotions just as much as she does in a scene, and not to our knowledge of cast shadows, or brushwork, or perspective, or a dozen-and-one other interesting matters for scientific—not artistic—investigation. Finally we must understand style but never degrade it, for style is the universal morality of art.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

### POET AND PAINTER: A RENAISSANCE FANCY.

Admiration for the Renaissance has become a little exhausted. It has been almost overstudied and every bourgeois has reproductions of its works of art in his parlor. But there is an interesting, because comparatively unstudied, side to the garden of the Renaissance. I mean its Latin poets. And these have a particular pleasure for us because of their intimate relationship with the painters of the same period.

We have all read of the influence which Poliziano and Marsilio Ficino had upon Sandro—how, for instance, they guided him in those pagan frescoes he painted for Lorenzo. We all know those wistful goddesses with their long delicate fingers and melancholy eyes, and also those moulded fair lads, of Botticelli. But if we are at all curious about the specifically Hellenic elements of Renaissance art, we will know other less studied painters and poets than Sandro and Poliziano. We will certainly know that strange, eccentric person Piero di Cosimo, whose "Cephalus and Procris" in London must have seemed to many people like an un-Botticellian Botticelli—wild and faunescue. . . . Piero di Cosimo is not a great artist as Sandro is, but he has a charm for those who have extracted the few golden grains of poetry from the dreary wastes of Latin in the "Deliciae Poetarum Italarum."

At the moment I cannot recall any Renaissance Latin poet who has written an idyl on this subject. Yet this very picture of Cephalus kneeling in sadness by the side of dead Procris has a kinship with these poets, and might be taken as a symbol of their mournful ecstatic brooding over a beauty that was dead—though not slain by them.

If we take the wistful, melancholy yet beautiful face of Sandro's Venus as a symbol of the yearning of all the artists of the Renaissance for that lost Hellenic blitheness and beauty which had gone forever, it is no less apt to take this picture of Piero's as a symbol of these Latin poets in particular. You will find in their poetry a love of flowers, of the fairness of women, a sense of the pity and loveliness of early death, and also a faunescue feeling for fields and meadows and trees. Now in this picture of Piero's, Cephalus is represented as a wild woodland creature with pointed ears and a little ragged beard and shaggy legs. And Procris lies upon the bright meadow "studded with flowers"—for they are painted with a meticulous yet entirely

artificial grace, as one might imagine a goldsmith handles jewels—and in the distance is a sea-strand with tall white birds standing upon it. It is indeed as far distant from the Hellenism it seeks to portray as Dante's *terza rima* differs from Virgil's honeyed hexameters. For that reason it is the more original. And whatever one may claim for the Latin poets of the Renaissance, one can scarcely claim originality. They were so in love with classic models, and especially with Roman models, that nothing but the very language of these ancient poets whom they loved so much would content them as a means of expression. They have this much in common with the poets of the Middle Ages: they were content to vary a well-worn theme in language accepted and conventional. They preferred to use the words of Virgil or Ovid before their own; nothing would have shocked them so much as originality of expression. It was Bembo's chiefest praise to be called "Cicero's ape."

Yet since these poets were a means by which the more original painters came into contact with that part of the spirit of antiquity which remains enshrined in literature, their poems are worth at least a cursory glance. Most of these poets belong to the late Quattrocento and early Cinquecento. One of them, Andrea Navagero, a Venetian nobleman, is remembered solely because his Latin epigram on the winds was turned into French by Du Bellay in his "Vanneur du Blé aux Vents." There is another poem of his on a fountain, which has been translated into French by Philippe Desportes in a sonnet which is included in most anthologies of ancient French poetry. Desportes's French is less attractive than Navagero's Latin, which is as delicate as the Greek it echoes. It has in a lesser degree something of that intense arrested loveliness of Giorgione's "Venetian Pastoral." Perhaps it is fantastic and a little exaggerated to claim so much for so obscure a poet: here is the poem in plain English prose:

The fountain is cold and there is no water more healing. The margin is green with fine grass and the alders ward off the sunlight with many-leaved boughs. The burning sun hangs in mid-Heaven and the parched meads glare under his light.

Stay, wayfarer, since you are heated by the noon sunshine and your languid feet can bear you no further. Here you may rest from your weariness, and grow cool in the wind and the green shadows, and ease your thirst with the limpid water.

Is there not—be generous to the forgotten poet!—something in that of "life touching lips with immortality"?

Just now, in speaking of Piero's "Cephalus and Procris," I mentioned that tenderness for early death which is one of the qualities of Renaissance artists whether painters or poets. Just as the painters and sculptors dwelt on this motive in many "pietàs" and youthful figures upon tombs, so the poets lamented in Ovidian Latin the bitter fate of Adonis and the fall of Hylas like a bright star from Heaven! It must be admitted that the poignancy and sincerity of the painters and sculptors leave the poets far behind on the dusty paths of conventionality. But here is a little poem by a Quattrocento poet Giovanni Pontano:

#### THE TOMB OF HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER LUCIA.

You leave your father in darkness, my Lucia; from light to darkness, little daughter, you are taken.

But yet you are not taken into darkness; you leave darkness behind you, and you shine in the sun.

I see you, little daughter, in the Heavens. Do you see me? Or do I comfort myself with foolish pretexts?

Only this grave of yours I touch, little daughter; no life is left in this poor dust.

Yet if your soul still lives I should think you happy, for you died young.

And we drag out our life through light and darkness. Was it for this alone, little daughter, you were born?

This is genuine, not a mere copy of some Greek or Latin poet's emotion, for Pontano did actually lose a daughter by death. And in the despair which sees nothing but the too palpable grave and scarcely dares to hope for the continuance of life in the disembodied spirit, there is a sentiment which is at once common to the Greeks and to ourselves. There is the same despair in Moschus's "Lament for Bion" and in Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale." Pontano is, of course, much less than these poets, but the same emotion is pictorially imaged in Piero's "Cephalus and Procris," and if we are to do justice to Pontano, we must think of him as inspiring Piero rather than as expressing himself completely and inevitably.

One more picture and one more poem—though in this case the poem must have been written long after the picture was painted. The poet is Cornelio Amaltheo. And the painter is Piero di Cosimo. If you wander into that side gallery of the Louvre which contains many Italian "primitives,"—among them Angelico's famous "Coronation of the Virgin,"—you will find in a corner two small oil panels attributed to Piero. They are far beneath the level of his work in London and Florence but they have something of his quaint spirit. They represent the "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis." In the first, Proteus is seen with sea maidens and Tritons plunging

through the waves toward a curved white sand shore. The air is brilliant with dawn and the bodies of the white Nereids gleam gracefully through the water beaten into foam by the strong limbs of Tritons and sea monsters.

This is the poem:

Golden Aurora had drawn away the shadows; she had hidden the falling stars with the rose-red glow of her face. Then the sun, lifting his chariot from the Eastern foam, revealed the great world with his lustrous torch.

Suddenly Proteus rose from the Adriatic waves; and then came Cymothen, shaking free her yellow hair, Hyale, Arethusa, white of arm — Nereids marvelling at the poet.

Like the wind upon the shore they plucked dark berries, pale violets and soft hyacinths; and then they gathered about him beseeching his song.

And Proteus, sitting among them, bade the seas calm their high murmur and the winds and Aeolus their sounding blasts. At his bidding the waters were still and the winds of Auster.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

#### LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

M. Jean Monné, one of the most distinguished Félibristes of Provence, has died recently at an advanced age. My friend, M. Charles Ratier, of Agen, an equally distinguished Félibriste of the Languedoc region of France, sends me these interesting notes on this poet in particular and on Félibrisime in general:

Monné was an exceedingly amiable companion as well as a personality quite to the fore in the movement of the southern literary Renaissance. He had been a Félibrige Majoral since 1881, in which year he was awarded the *Cigalo de Roussilhoun* (the *Cigale de Roussillon*, the last name being that of Monné's native province, and the first, grasshopper, in English, I believe). I should explain that instead of being titularies, as at the French Academy, of a numbered chair, the Majoraux, who form our Southern Academy, or Académie Méridionale, receive a gold *cigale* bearing the name of either a little southern region, river, or mountain; and these Majoraux are generally designated by the name of their *cigale*. Thus, in Félibrige, I am known as the *Cigalo de la Garono*, Agen being situated on the Garonne river.

Monné was for some time syndic of the Maintenance, the title of our regional Félibrige associations, of Provence and edited a monthly, which he had founded, called "Lou Félibrige," which for many years was the official organ of our ideas and our movement. As a poet, he published several volumes and a mass of fugitive pieces scattered through the pages of our reviews, newspapers, and almanacs. He had announced his intention of soon publishing a "Dictionnaire de Rimes Provençal," and he has left in manuscript a volume of verse. All his writings are in the Rhodanien, or Rhône, Provençal dialect, that used by Mistral; which fact is all the more interesting when one remembers that Provençal was not the maternal dialect of Monné, who was born at Perpignan, whose Roussillonnais is very closely allied to

Catalan. But he early abandoned his mother tongue in favor of Mistral's, which he knew and handled in a remarkable manner, in the hope, which he entertained for a long time, that it would be possible to fix in a single literary dialect the southern languages; and this unique dialect he held should be that in which was written "Mireille" and the other masterpieces of Mistral. During many years this tendency was very strong among my Provençal confrères, whose amour-propre was however rather exasperating at times. Through my efforts, begun some thirty years ago, we succeeded finally in securing equal recognition, as instruments of literary expression, for each of our dialects.

Another French writer, dead for the moment to the literary world, has, however, been resuscitated for an instant. The second volume of Professor André Koszul's "Anthologie de la Littérature Anglaise" (Paris: Delagrave, 3 frs. 50), which was stopped by the war, is just out. In a letter to THE DIAL more than a year ago, I spoke at some length of this admirable work and gave some extracts from the second volume, then partly in proof and partly in manuscript. I now speak of it again mainly to give news of the learned and unfortunate author. At the beginning of August, 1914, when Professor Koszul suddenly left the Sorbonne for the entrenched camp of Maubeuge as a military interpreter, the proof-reading of this book had been scarcely begun. This task has now been performed by the author's friend, Professor Théodore Garnier, of the Paris Lycée Henri IV., who, Mme. Koszul informs me, has seen the volume through the press. The head of the English department of the University of Paris, my friend Professor Emile Legouis, the distinguished French authority on Wordsworth, writes me as follows about our common friend:

I am delighted to hear of your intention to speak of Koszul and his book. The news will do him good in his prison. Our poor friend was captured at Maubeuge in the first days of September, 1914, during the German onrush towards Paris. He was first sent to the Gefangenlager at Wunsdorf near Zossen, in Brandenburg, then to Chemnitz-Ebersdorf, and lastly to Gross-Poritsch, in Saxony. From the scanty cards he has sent me, I infer his health has not been much impaired. He has fought against despondency by devoting himself to his illiterate co-prisoners for whose benefit he had a class while he was at Chemnitz. For your notice of his book you may wish to remember that at the university, Koszul sat under Auguste Angellier, our foremost English scholar, whose thesis on Robert Burns is widely known in the learned world. Angellier, who was also one of our best poets, has often told me that he considered Koszul the most distinguished student he ever had. Koszul stood first in the severe competitive examination which we call *agregation d'anglais*. For his doctorate, he offered a fine thesis on "La Jeunesse de Shelley," the merit of which is well known. Later, he was intrusted by a London publisher with the editing and the prefaces of a two-volume edition of Shelley's poems, a rare homage paid to a foreign



writer. He is so modest that he rather hides than shows off his worth.

The following paragraph is also interesting especially when it is known that the writer's two sons "are fighting on the banks of the Somme, in the most exposed places":

What effect this war is to have on our university life, I can only conjecture. It will surely relax the hold of German erudition which threatened to wrench our intellect from its natural bent. We were fast losing our French characteristics and I now hope they will tend to revive with great distinctness. There is no fear now of their being spoilt by an excess of flippancy. But the greatest change I am looking forward to is the broad opening of our French universities to foreign students, chiefly to your countrymen. We have been till now passive and inert, never making any effort to draw to our lecture-rooms a part of the numerous cosmopolitan clientele that yearly resorted to the German universities, and afterwards did most to spread German influence and prestige over the world. Our disinterestedness, in which there was too much apathy, ought now to make room for an appeal to those whose ingenuous faith in the German ideal has been shaken by recent events.

There have been many other examples since the summer of 1914 that the bitterness occasioned by this war has unfortunately but perfectly justifiably penetrated the usually serene walks of European scholarship. Here is a fresh one. The learned Professor Jacques Flach, of the French Institute and the College of France, sends me a pamphlet entitled "Revendication contre l'Allemagne" (Paris: Alphonse Picard, 50 centimes), which is an attempt to prove, and a very successful one, it seems to me, that the mediæval poem about Gauthier d'Aquitaine, "Waltharius," is not to be attributed to German but to French culture, notwithstanding that Gaston Paris put it the other way. The closing lines of Professor Flach's strong argument well illustrate what I said at the beginning of this paragraph:

The poem of Gauthier d'Aquitaine has been claimed by Germany. Because of the paucity of her epics, Germany has tried to enrich herself at our expense by appropriating our goods, and by so doing she has remained faithful to her traditions, which have always impelled her and are still impelling her to try and seize upon the riches of other peoples.

In revenge, an attempt is now being made on the French side to rob Germany of one of her literary institutions. Since the war broke out I have made three ineffectual attempts to get news as to how the "Tauchnitz Edition of British and American Authors" is getting on. In the meanwhile, M. Louis Conard, 17 Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris, has started a very strong rival, "The Standard Collection of British and American Authors," whose aim is "to replace the Leipsic Tauchnitz Edition." On this subject, he writes me as follows:

It took me six months to gather in the fold a certain number of authors formerly included in the

Tauchnitz Edition. I began in 1915, and on the 6th of July, the same year, I started my Collection with "Bealby," by H. G. Wells. Since then the number of authors who have signed contracts with me for the duration of the war and for five years after its termination has reached 90 per cent of the total number of authors, alive and available, included in the last Tauchnitz catalogue, that for July, 1914. Two works are published monthly and this will be increased to one a week as soon as hostilities cease. Tauchnitz had no permanent contracts with the authors, but made a separate agreement for each volume; so they had not to break their word to come to us. The sales are satisfactory, the neutral and allied countries sending important orders. The Tauchnitz people, we are told, are publishing occasional books in their continental edition,—not novels but books on the war, written in English by Germans. Among the American writers who have joined the Standard collection are Amélie Rives, Booth Tarkington, Gertrude Atherton, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mrs. A. M. Williamson, Baroness von Hutten, and Elizabeth Robins.

Even the French musical world has turned on the Fatherland. "Germanophilie" (Paris: Dorbon, 1 fr. 50), by the well-known French composer Saint-Saëns, is a most violent diatribe against Germany in general and German music and musicians, especially Wagner, in particular. The little book even bears on the present political situation in Europe by showing what an intense hatred for Germany now exists in France, a hatred, it should be noted, which had almost wholly disappeared but which this war has made stronger than ever before.

But M. Saint-Saëns, who seems just now to be in a very bellicose state of mind, is rather neutral in his dislikes. Having given Wagner harsh treatment, he turns toward the Allies and treats Shakespeare in much the same fashion in an article which appeared in a recent number of the "Renaissance." I have not seen this article but the author sends me this résumé of the position which he takes in it:

The question is being agitated in Paris of founding a Shakespeare Society on the pretext that after the war a new art will be needed! I took the liberty of saying that it would be better for French modern authors and the living ones, too, to give their pieces; and I also took the liberty of saying that it was only possible, for several reasons, to give adaptations of Shakespeare, which disfigured his work. I furthermore ventured to declare that he was more enjoyable in the reading than on the stage.

Nor can the European neutral nations wholly escape the contagion. Their citizens are all, one by one, "taking sides." One of the last lectures delivered in Switzerland by the lamented Verhaeren was that given in October at Berne, on "La Jeune Belgique Littéraire," and not the least notable feature of the evening was the presence in a conspicuous seat, of Carl Spitteler, the leading poet of German Switzerland, who early in the



war came out squarely against Prussianized Germany. His open adhesion to the cause of the Allies has been, of course, warmly received in France. M. Spitteler has just sent me a pamphlet, "Unser Schweizer Standpunkt" (Zurich: Rascher, 1 fr.), which contains a speech delivered in the December following the outbreak of the war, where we see the beginning of this evolution.

Neutral opinion will be still more tried when the time comes for making peace, and it will be found that one of the chief bones of contention in the congress will be the Alsace-Lorraine question. Many books have been, and are being, written on the subject, and among them two or three have lately come to my attention in a particular way.

Senator Georges Clémenceau sends me "La France devant l'Allemagne" (Paris: Payot, 5 frs.), a volume of the former Prime Minister's speeches and newspaper articles, especially the latter, all bearing on Franco-German relations during the past ten years. Besides showing in a convincing way how little France wanted war with Germany, but how much she expected it, or, to put it another way, how much this astute statesman expected it, this able book contains several notable pages throwing light on the French point of view and the French mind concerning this burning Alsace-Lorraine problem.

The same thing is true of "À Travers la France en Guerre" (Paris: Fischbacher, 1 fr.), by M. Benjamin Vallotton, the well-known Swiss man of letters, now busy on relief work, he tells me. At the close of this book, which is written in a fine style and is instructive at the same time, is a long chapter on Alsace, full of new ideas and suggestions, the conclusion being that the country should be returned to France. This chapter is really the basis of M. Vallotton's charming serial, "On Changerait plutôt le Cœur de Place,"—this title alone tells the whole story,—which ends in the number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for December 1, and which presents, this time in the guise of fiction, the point of view of France, as I well know it, as well as that of a large portion of the inhabitants of Alsace, according to M. Vallotton. What this point of view is, comes out in this rather strange and amusing reflection put into the mouth of one of the characters of the tale: "Saint Peter gives some men two hearts and other men two stomachs. The first is the case with the Alsations,—one heart for Alsace and one for France. The others, with no heart and two stomachs, are sent over the Rhine."

mother's well-known pseudonym,—who died to France, is the final conclusion of one of the ablest presentations I have seen of who is responsible for the present war—"La Responsabilité de la Guerre" (Paris: Bloud & Gay, 60 centimes), by Senator Tommaso Tittoni, who has recently retired from the Italian embassy at Paris. He is a diplomat, a politician, and a journalist, one of the most practical, clear-headed public men in Europe at this time, as you quickly discover in even the briefest conversation with him; and here is what he says in this instructive little collection of his speeches made during the present crisis: "All the nationalities who have endured the agony of foreign domination now await the hour of liberation, whose first strokes have already sounded."

This same determined spirit is strongly presented in Paul Margueritte's latest novel, "L'Embusqué" (Paris: Flammarion, 3 frs. 50), a severe arraignment of French "slackers," who, I am happy to say, are the grand exception in France. In sending me his book, the author writes: "After over two years of war and so many heroic examples, there are strapping fellows who, like Panurge, are 'very much afraid of blows.' But the energetic action of the new government is bringing them down to a minimum."

But let me close with a paragraph quite free from the clash of arms. In the "Revue de Paris" of September 1, appears an article entitled "Souvenirs of Nohant," by Aurore Sand, the granddaughter of the great French novelist—personal recollections of the famous old home in Berry. She informs me that she has quite a budget of unpublished material of her grandmother—"letters on literature and life, fragments of a diary, articles on ideas and politics, etc." The last time I met Aurore Lauth—this is her married name, her husband being a talented French artist and an Alsatian, living at ease in a spacious Paris *hôtel*—we sat at table also with her sister, Mme. Gabrielle Palazzi Sand,—both sisters have always religiously preserved their mother's well-known pseudonym,—who died a few years ago. Then George Sand's publisher, who used to drive sharp bargains with rising young authors—Renan was also one of his victims in this respect—would not permit Aurore to dispose of these papers at her will. But expiring copyright or greater generosity on the part of the successors in the house, now seem to have removed these difficulties, and the orphaned waifs of George Sand's brain are at present offered to him who will buy them. THEODORE STANTON.

December 30, 1916.

## CASUAL COMMENT.

MUTATIONS OF POPULAR TASTE IN EPHEMERAL LITERATURE are lightly touched upon by the veteran journalist and dramatic critic, Mr. H. G. Hibbert, in his "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life," one of the most entertaining books of its kind that the present season has produced. He informs us, after "a few fascinated hours spent with the Press Directory," that "upward of fifty periodical publications have quietly slipped away during the past eighteen months." What the war has had to do with most of these disappearances is obvious. Somewhat more surprising is the following: "It is conceivable that many of the newspaper proprietors who bowed to the pressure of the war accepted their fate gladly. For the percentage of newspapers that show a handsome profit is very small; of newspapers that just pay, modest in its proportions; and of newspapers that steadily deplete the banking accounts of their infatuated owners, immense. Millions must have sunk in the wreckage of journalism. As I write, an historic newspaper is in the market once more. It has steadily lost twelve thousand pounds a year these many years. I wonder if it has ever paid." Another class of literature that suffers the mutations of fortune is the popular "library" or series, often devoted to fiction, but not seldom inclusive of more serious works also. The writer mentions the once well-known "Morley's Universal Library," forerunner of "Everyman's Library," and he asks whether the "Cottage Library" still exists. Here in America we long had our "Franklin Square Library," and perhaps should still have it if it had chosen a more attractive shape and better print. In the matter of popular series, how pleasant our memories of the "Leisure Hour Series" and the "No Name Series"! Why can't these good things go on forever?

. . .

A COSTLY BIT OF REALISM was that little courtroom scene in Mr. George Bronson Howard's novel, "God's Man," which furnished material for a libel suit that has resulted in favor of the plaintiff, Magistrate Corrigan of New York, to the extent of \$35,000 in damages. Of course an appeal has been made, and the probabilities are that the publishers, whose protestations of innocence there is no reason to question, will at least escape the payment of so excessive a sum. Amid the pitfalls lying in wait for even the wariest publisher, this liability of inadvertently hurting the feelings of some wholly

unknown person in the millions of possible readers is not the least formidable. So small a thing as a fictitious name, chosen at random, may cause woe unutterable to both author and publisher, as has been proved more than once. In this instance the real name was disguised, and the author, through absence in California, escaped legal summons; but the unfortunate firm that issued the book is sternly reminded by the court that a publisher is responsible for his wares, whether they be fiction or philosophy or ichthyology or hermeneutics, and that if the alleged reference to Magistrate Corrigan is recognizable by sensible persons acquainted with that gentleman, the party whose imprint appears on the title-page must bear the brunt of the aforesaid magistrate's displeasure. Such is the law. *Piat justitia, ruat coelum.*

. . .

THE SPECIALTY BOOKSHOP makes its appearance, very naturally, in an age of specialization. Bookselling has of course always tended more or less to some degree of specialization in the kind of literature handled, but it remained for the twentieth century to bring forth in well-developed form the woman's bookshop and the juvenile bookshop. At the corner of Lexington Avenue and 52d Street, New York, there has been opened, under the direction of the publishing department of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., a shop planned by women, stocked with books for women, and run by a woman, Miss G. L. Esten. The enterprise is partly an outgrowth of the mail-order business in books that the Association has long conducted, using the "Association Monthly" as a medium of publicity and sending out book-exhibits to Association conferences throughout the country. But it is hoped that the shop will attract much local custom in addition to its more wide-spread and scattered patronage. A few weeks before this undertaking was started there was opened in Boston, at 264 Boylston Street, by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, a bookshop for children from the picture-book age to serious-minded adolescence. In connection with its regular business the shop will conduct three series of six story-hours each for three classes of children,—from five to seven years of age, between seven and ten, and from ten to fifteen. Tickets for each course are offered at five dollars, and the story-telling will begin January 16. Four story-hours for adults are also planned. The inference is that these will be rather for instruction in story-telling than for amusement. The juvenile bookshop is not exactly a new thing in the book business, as

a glance at the preface of the Boston bookshop's interesting catalogue will show. But it is safe to say that no earlier attempt to capture the juvenile trade can be compared with the present in skilful planning and breadth of scope. Miss Caroline M. Hewins, librarian at Hartford, writes the aforementioned preface, and the catalogue may be had for ten cents.

MAGAZINES MADE TO SELL evoke some deserved reprobation from the Pratt Institute Free Library, which says, in its current record of annual achievement: "No closer scrutiny is exercised in the selection of books to be incorporated into the Library's collection for the preservation of its character, than is given to the choice of periodicals that shall make our Reading Room a resort both delightful and improving for those who come to a library for introduction to current magazine literature. It is a sad commentary on the times that so often American periodicals do not hesitate to forsake the reputations and traditions that have been synonymous with their titles, to yield easily to depreciation—literary, artistic, and ethical, and to sacrifice their standing with those who would be their friends, in order to pursue the *ignis fatuus* reputation of the 'best seller.' " Limitations of space forbid further verbatim reproduction of the writer's wealth of phrase. Suffice it to say that regret is expressed at the unworthy pursuit of "news-stand notoriety" on the part of periodicals that ought to know better, and that there is so much ignoble striving for "snappy" stories, "racy" or "spicy" humor, and "compromising" plots. The dignity of the reading room at the Pratt Institute Library is maintained at the cost of frequent expurgations of the periodical-list. Unluckily the average buyer is less scrupulous.

THE VOCABULARY OF CHILDHOOD offers one of the most interesting fields for philological research. As DIAL readers already know, Professor Thomas Percival Beyer has made a study of his own little boy's increasing command of English from earliest infancy. The results of observations covering the child's first two years were published in "The Educational Review," and were also circulated separately. These results were epitomized and commented on in these columns at the time of publication. Now there comes a further report from Professor Beyer, who has noted the words acquired by his son in his third year. To the 771 words of the earlier report are added 1297 of subsequent acquisition; so that the three-year-old boy was found

to be master of 2068 "verbal symbols." But thirteen of these are discarded as belonging to "the defunct language of infancy," leaving a net total of 2055. This is surely a large vocabulary for so young a child, and the natural inference is that Baby Beyer is something of a prodigy, though his father protests to the contrary—as any modest and sensible father ought to. Among the words gained in the third year, attention is arrested by terms like the following: astray, christened, dental dope, electricity, embroider, kewpie (whatever it may mean), mathematics, mother-in-law, pardon, parents, refrigerator, uncomfortable, and (last but not least) vocabulary. Certainly the fact of the father's being a college professor with an interest in his boy's "vocabulary" must count for something in the daily accessions to that vocabulary.

NORWICH'S HISTORIC LIBRARY is preparing to celebrate an anniversary of some importance, and its librarian, Mr. George A. Stephen, is writing an account of the institution of which he is the head. "Three Centuries of a City Library" will be its title—from which it now becomes plain that Norwich, England, rather than Norwich, Connecticut, is here referred to. It was as early as 1608 that this old town established what might be called a public library, however unworthy of the name according to present standards. At any rate, it was one of the earliest towns to make any sort of provision for readers, and it was the very first to adopt the Public Library Act of 1850. Next March it is to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of the Norwich Public Library—the free library in its modern form. And thus we have still another item of interest to associate with the birthplace of James and Harriet Martineau and the town enriched also with certain memories of a very different sort of genius,—George Borrow.

AN AMUSING INSTANCE OF METATHESIS is cited anew in one of the books of the season. As a rule, this form of play upon words, whether intentional or inadvertent, ranks but little higher than the pun. Self-respect forbids unrestrained mirth at the anecdote, old enough by this time, of the indignant churchgoer who, finding his accustomed place filled by a stranger, thus remonstrated with him: "Sir, are you aware that you are occupiewing my pie?" With greater heartiness we may enjoy the story related by Mr. T. H. S. Escott in his "Great Victorians." The sixth son of Charles Dickens, a barrister of ready wit and



well versed in his father's writings, once found himself pitted against a legal opponent named Willis, who irritated him and the court by indulgence in a repeated and apparently preventable little cough. At last Mr. Dickens's patience became exhausted and he quietly remarked: "An illustrious relative of mine has immortalized the words, 'Barkis is willing'; perhaps I may be allowed in present circumstances to say, 'Willis is barking.'" Old as this story is, it ought to bear repeating as perhaps the neatest instance on record of what, for lack of a better name, we may call by the learned term of the grammarians, metathesis.

ONE WAY TO MOVE A LIBRARY from an old to a new building comes to public notice in connection with the opening of the lately-completed library building at West Springfield, Mass. The method commends itself both on the score of economy and as a means of swelling the yearly circulation statistics. A few days before the opening occurred, and before the old library was closed to visitors and given over to the force of movers, privileges to card-holders were extended so as to allow the drawing of any desired number of volumes, these volumes to be returned in due order to the new building. How many availed themselves of this enlarged license, or how many books were thus moved without cost to the community, has not been reported; but given a proper public spirit combined with a love of books and reading, the money-saving result in any such instance ought to be appreciable.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### WARNING THE AMATEUR. (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

If the American market for old-world art collections is a fair gauge, neither the high cost of the necessities of life, nor this country's contributions for the relief of war victims abroad, have noticeably weakened the long purses of the United States, as yet. Large foreign loans and the expense of our own modest armaments may accomplish the feat hereafter. In the meantime, if you are a Missourian, come to New York and watch the way money passes from hand to hand at a good metropolitan art sale. Pricing ermines and sables at Altman's, or a little venture in diamonds at Tiffany's, will open your prairie-bred eyes no wider.

The American Art Association's disposal of two rich cabinets of old Italian art of every kind, for Professor Volpi of Florence, just before Thanksgiving, was altogether the best public art sale I have witnessed in many months. Seven daytime

sessions and one evening rally in the pleasant ball-room of the Plaza Hotel were needed to scatter the twelve hundred and odd numbers of his two astonishingly fine and varied collections from the Villa Pia and the Palazzo Davanzati. The eight sessions collectively yielded very close to a million dollars. The Italian government is understood to have accorded an export license for the removal of so large a group of old-time treasures, in one body, partly on account of the passive state of the domestic market at this time, and more particularly in view of its late owner's provision for the early transfer of the Palazzo Davanzati itself to the nation. The other material, added to that from the Davanzati house at Florence, composed the current stock of Professor Volpi's commercial establishment.

The city of Florence much regrets to see the historic mansion which Volpi's good judgment and enterprise but lately rescued from its long disfigurement and oblivion, by a masterly restoration of the building to its antique physiognomy from cellar to roof, denuded once more of its appropriate furnishings. Since the Tuscan capital stands in singular need of a public *garde-meuble*, I dare to hope the municipality will try to restock the stripped halls and chambers with another revival of a foretime patrician interior. The Sangiorgios of Rome, the redoubtable Wertheimer, or our late Mr. Altman could not have bettered Volpi's handling of the problem.

To judge it very soberly, however, his installation resembled some of our own neo-colonial interiors by pushing the art cabinet features too far. The passionate pilgrim to Italy would rather see the Palazzo Davanzati fitted out so that the Davanzatis might recognize it. Prosperous and well-bred burgesses of the Renaissance town, as those people were for many generations, I fail to visualize their actual living rooms hung with fifty paintings by renowned Italian masters and Netherlands, which span the centuries from "Giotto (School of)" and Botticelli to the Venetians of Galuppi's age, like wooden beads on a score-wire. Who could resist the colorful precision of a "Game of Football" attributed to Bronzino, or two exquisitely paint-spotty, small studies of young male and female heads by Tiepolo, if he owned a historic house in Florence to display them in?

Other classes from the two collections showed a similar redundancy of number, variety, and high quality, which compels equal scantness of printed reference. One hundred and sixty-eight numbers, comprising carved ivories, classical and Italian old bronzes, wood, stucco, and terra-cotta sculptures, and decorated Italian maiolicas, fetched roughly one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars on the first afternoon. Antonio Rizzo's painted wooden statue of St. Sebastian glared by its absence, owing to some hitch in conveying it ashore; but there were other magnets a-plenty.

Accustomed as I am to the often exaggerated timidities of European connoisseurs and buyers, I cannot help admiring the boyish zeal and courage of New York's four hundred, or four thou-



sand, as I watch them at art auctions. There are no refusals. Certainly a more close-fisted public, or one of greater shyness on the delicate problem of authenticity, might have given a less joyous welcome to so many unweathered and unblemished, polychrome busts and stucco reliefs attributed to the best schools and periods of Florentine sculpture. A supposed Italian authority's printed assertion about one strange treasure astray in good company, that "its originality transcends every artistic tradition, and its beauty has never been exceeded," was apparently accepted at face value in Volpi's sale catalogue. It compassed the flotation of an alleged bronze portrait figurine of the Greek poetess Sappho. Of genuine bronze, nicely oxidized, and fairly agreeable to look at, the statuette in question most unquestionably was, albeit not of IV century B. C. workmanship, or a true likeness of Sappho, or Greek. So far as it recalled any school, it was that of the XIX century French clock decorators. Same stage costume à l'antique; same lank Empire body and shoulders supporting a tiny head dolled up à la grecque; same blocky-hem draperies; same old frontal pyramid by way of academic composition. This manifestly unantique creation found an eager taker at the modest figure of \$15,000.

The spirit of Punch would probably not prevail against the innocence of many American amateurs, if it stood by their chairs and whispered a spectral Don't. I can imagine no sounder *Advice to Persons About to Buy a Greek Statuette*. It is true we shall never be more easily gulled than the French and English market by forged Tanagra figurines. But the French gudgeons of the eighties and nineties were at least pioneers.

Two bidders of dauntless spirit ran the banner number of the first day's sale to a bid of \$66,000. Mr. Joseph Widener, of Elkinsville, Pa., was the captor of this bona fide prize. It is a XV century Italian bronze incense-burner, supported by three marine deities, and populous with masks of satyrs that grin from amid graceful Renaissance festoons of fruit, foliage, and shells. Executed by Andrea Briosco, one of Donatello's pupils, for one of the Gonzagas of Mantua, this masterpiece of small artistry won the admiration of many expert critics at the Rome Semi-centenary Exposition of 1911, when it was on view at Castle Sant' Angelo. The ubiquitous Dr. Wilhelm Bode was naturally of their number. Mr. Widener had already begun to loom large as the next wearer, in all probability, of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's mantle; he has now gathered it to his shoulders.

Smaller lovers of the beautiful at the Davanzati sale had equal reason, however, to rejoice in their thousand smaller captures of carved furniture, painted pharmacy jars, embroidered table and bed linen, tapestries, and ancient armor. Our collectors of fine old weapons seem to be few, for some reason. Three purchasers, Messrs. Belasco, Canessa, and Du Pont, were permitted to acquire nearly thirty handsome period swords, at surprisingly low figures.

ALFRED EMERSON.

New York City, January 2, 1917.

### THE ARTIST AS SUPERMAN

THE CREATIVE WILL: Studies in the Philosophy and the Syntax of Aesthetics. By Willard Huntington Wright. (John Lane Co.; \$1.50.)

The æsthetic of mass, which has been variously developed by Guyau, Hildebrandt, Lipps, and Berenson, receives its most effective literary presentation in this new book. Mr. Wright reduces the matter to 251 numbered paragraphs, which are often brief and aphoristic, and more rarely assume the form of a short essay. His style has pulse and drive enough to carry along a good deal that is crabbed in vocabulary. He is always honest and clear, and but seldom careless. His robust intellectualism deserves admiration, however much his particular theories may provoke dissent. To read him is to sharpen one's own thinking.

Physiology is the basis of this æsthetic. "Art, in all of its manifestations, is, in its final analysis, an interpretation of the laws of bodily rhythm and movement." Mr. Wright gets over the difficulty of discriminating ordinary expression from artistic expression, by declaring that the difference is merely one of organization and completeness. All expression grows out of a combination of will, intellect, and emotion. "In æsthetic expression, however, each of these three elements plays an equal part: there is a coördination and balance of all the functions of mentation. The theme is chosen by the emotion; the intellect determines the rhythm or construction, and the will supplies the power of organization." It is this active complicity of all our processes of thinking that makes the experience of art more complete and satisfying than the experience of nature.

Art is merely the creation of form. "Colors either advance or retreat from the eye; and notes either advance or retreat from the ear. At once there is the implication of a spatial dimension which is a quality of form." Smell and touch, considered alone, have no æsthetic value, lacking spatial implication; hence they gain æsthetic quality only through association with pleasures of sound and hearing.

All art is sharply divided into an inferior feminine sort, of which Botticelli's "Spring" is a capital example, which is grounded and completed in emotion and realized in two dimensions only; and a superior masculine art, with Michelangelo as its type, in which the emotion has been fully transmuted into forming mind and creative will: such masculine art is actively tri-dimensional. The kind of form in which the will to create deals is not

"objective or quantitative"—the form of things we know in ordinary life—but subjective. It is symbol and expression of the mental complex of creation.

There is that form which has no counterpart in actual life. It is without measurable dimensions, its size being relative to the other forms about it. It does not represent any specific object with which we are familiar; we simply feel its tactility qualitatively. All great works of art contain this type of form, whether it is presented abstractly or through recognizable phenomena; in the latter case the objects cease to exist as objects, and create in us an emotion of form as in contradistinction to a recognition of form.

Later Mr. Wright says: "The Artist visualizes nature's forces and the effects of these forces, and then translates them, dynamically organized, into concrete expression." This is, I hope, a fair, if necessarily succinct statement of the essentials of Mr. Wright's aesthetic. I cannot within the allotted space argue each point. Instead I shall only try to indicate what points seem especially contestable.

One may admit that art often has spatial implications, but Mr. Wright's axiom that two sounds or two colors will produce an inferential space needs proving. Color is the great indicator of space in all usual observation, but only because of prior experiment with the muscular sense. It is precisely this coöperation of the muscular sense which vitiates all the so-called color scales. They apply mostly to the one-eyed. If colors actively and inherently came and went, nobody would dare walk on that troubled sea which would be an Eastern rug. With Mr. Wright's belief that the highest artistic use of color is to express form and spatiality, there need be no quarrel. As for space as inferential in music, it seems to be so only through such associative processes as Mr. Wright elsewhere sets down as crass sentimentalisms. When he writes of music "the sound engulfs one almost like streams of water," he is describing something quite different from an impression of abstract space or form.

At the outset Mr. Wright describes aesthetic expression as growing out of an equal balance of emotion, intellect, and will. Let us assume that he rather means a just balance, and this is implied in his depreciation of an art inferior and feminine because emotionalized. It is hard to square this view with his later description of an art which, though beginning in emotion, transmutes it all into intellect and will. The process is conceived and spoken of as a progressive deduction. When the artist has no longer any need of the emotion, he deducts it, or it simply drops out of itself.

Similarly all the recognizable aspects of every real work of art must be deducted. They rest upon simple association, which has no æsthetic value, indeed is anti-æsthetic, producing only those lower pleasures so dear to the devotees of merely feminine art.

Mr. Wright's war on the poor old associations is unrelenting to *Schrecklichkeit*:

Forms must be put together in such a manner that their appearance or effect will function abstractly and produce in the spectator or auditor an æsthetic experience unrelated to those associative processes which the objects, as objects, might call up. This form must even be sufficiently moving to overcome—namely, to make nugatory—the effects which a recognition of subject-matter would ordinarily give birth to.

While by taking thought we may dissemble our love for the associations, it is practically difficult to kick them down stairs. Hence Mr. Wright counsels the artist to employ no recognizable forms. Paint something which never has had and never will have any associative range whatsoever.

Mr. Wright's aesthetic rests on two ungrounded assumptions: first, there is a subjective sense of form, mass, and space apart from any recognizable objects in nature; second, although objects are recognizable in a work of art, all the associations which such objects usually evoke are nugatory and "to be deducted."

Any complete examination of these two major propositions is impossible within my assigned limits. It is enough to say that Mr. Wright nowhere proves his postulates. Furthermore, since our sense of space is gained through experience with objects, and in no other way, the probability is that what is called a subjective sense of form is impossible except through present or past experience of recognizable things. We know form only through forms or what we think and remember about them. In short, the alleged abstract, subjective experience of form looks delusional. There may well be certain peculiar ecstasies which figuratively are called perceptions of subjective form, but the figure is arbitrary and the words misused. If we know "form" only as in some fashion predicated upon actual forms in nature, then every such experience inevitably carries its associative fringe. To say that the associations usually evoked by the object have become "nugatory," merely means that they have been limited by conscious inhibition. Our minds remain our minds, and there is no mental act entirely devoid of associations.

This is true of the artist and of the person perceiving the work of art. All æsthetic implies that the mental-emotional mass

behind the work is quite accurately communicated to him who enjoys the work. John La Farge called this the "artistic transaction." If this communication is non-existent or faulty, aesthetics has no matter of discourse. If the artistic transaction is valid, then whatever mattered to the artist in creating the work of art matters to us who enjoy it. And nothing is more certain than that all these literary-humanistic—in a word, associative values have mattered deeply to great artists.

Mr. Wright's groundwork is a rather crass romantic individualism. He imagines a creative art *in vacuo*, by an anti-social superman. Art, as Mr. Whistler remarked, "happens"; there are no artistic periods or peoples. The mystical art of creation strikes as capriciously as the thunderbolt. One does not have to be a fanatical democrat to see that the color of their times has mattered so much to very great artists that their work assumes a most representative character. Let us take Giotto, Titian, Rubens. Is such tinge of the times "nugatory"? Can we, with Mr. Wright, "deduct" it?

The chief originality of this book lies in the well maintained running analogy between painting, sculpture, music, and literature. Here Mr. Wright's great reading and generally sound taste appear to advantage. But the analogy of literature with the other arts is rather ingenious than persuasive. In particular, it is only by evasion that literature with its inevitable ballast of associations and recognizabilities remains an art at all. At best it ought to be a "feminine" art.

As a general view of the arts, Mr. Wright offers a cyclic theory. Art passes through sheer emotionalism, to analysis; culminates in synthesis, which is followed by exhaustion. All the possibilities of sculpture were exhausted by Michelangelo; hence it lingers as a moribund and superfluous art. Mr. Wright does not draw the kindred conclusion that since the theoretical basis of painting has been ascertained by the Synchromists, it too is beginning to die. Apparently the cycle is indefinitely repeated, after the Platonic dogma; we are doomed to revert to an emotionalism of which only such sub-artistic activities as the dance are the fitting expression. I marvel that Mr. Wright did not note the synchronism of the perfection of painting and the tango craze. It looks like cycles overlapping at the edges.

I suppose the unsteadiness of the impression Mr. Wright's argument makes, is due to

the fact that he has built up upon a flimsy foundation a well-ordered and over-elaborate structure. He is at all points very far from life, of which art is after all an expression, and his miraculously poised card house does not look habitable. In building it, however, he has displayed rare ingenuity. It will fall, for the foundation is soft; meanwhile we humble fabricators in concrete and recognizable form may gain pleasure and benefit from inspecting Mr. Wright's eminently subjective pagoda.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

### OUR ARCHITECTURE—AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

THE ENJOYMENT OF ARCHITECTURE. By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin. (Duffield & Co.; \$2.)

The literature of architecture is singularly inadequate and meagre: her precocious children succeed in getting themselves far more written about and admired than the mother of the arts. For this reason, if for no other, we should welcome Mr. Hamlin's volume. "It fills a long-felt want." As regards architecture there is a hiatus in the culture even of cultivated persons, and this lack Mr. Hamlin's book essays to supply: it is intended to interest and instruct the layman in the essentials of architecture so that he may reap that higher form of æsthetic enjoyment which comes from the exercise of the faculty of discrimination.

Mr. Hamlin, though a young man, is well equipped for his task: he has studied, he has travelled, he has practised, and as the son of the distinguished professor of architecture of Columbia University, from his earliest infancy he has seen, we may suppose, "the wheels go round." His book is written *con amore*, it is full of the fine enthusiasm of youth without the rawness of youth. It is not dry, or dusty, or pedantic; there is no parade of that technical knowledge which is one of the indispensable equipments for the writing of a book of this kind.

His first chapter, "The Appeal of Architecture," strikes the keynote of enjoyment, thus placing the reader in a properly receptive state of mind. His second chapter, "Laws of Form In Architecture," is an admirable and clear statement of those fundamental verities which are often either bungled or ignored, but upon which all sound architectural criticism needs must rest. Then come two indispensable chapters on materials and structure, fol-



lowed logically by a full consideration of decoration and ornament. The penultimate chapter is on planning, and the book appropriately ends by bringing clearly before the reader the relation of architecture to life — what the author calls its "social value."

Here is much admirable material, well arranged, interestingly, easily, and at times even charmingly presented. If there is now and then an overemphasis on the obvious, if the psychological and philosophical aspects of the architectural art are given scant attention, it makes doubtless for the comfort, and therefore for the enjoyment, of the average lay reader, to whose intelligence the book is frankly fitted and in the main addressed. It justifies its title and accomplishes its aim: the reader should rise from its perusal better equipped for the enjoyment of an art which, more than any other, offers itself for such enjoyment wherever man has acted upon his material environment.

It is pleasant to be able to accord to Mr. Hamlin's book so much of praise; but it is the function of criticism to act as a corrective to the personal view and bias of an author,—to defend the reader against it, though it mean only opposing one personal view and bias to another. It is a sad thing to say, and the reader may infer from it, as regards the critic, what he pleases, but the great defect of Mr. Hamlin's attitude to American architecture is his incorrigible optimism. This is betrayed by his fondness for such an appalling word as "worth-whileness." He affirms the "worth-whileness" of many things in our architectural environment which are not worth while, or which have ceased to be worth while. Optimism, except that of the prophet cherishing a hope which he may never live to realize,—and Mr. Hamlin is not such a prophet,—is always dangerous, and it is particularly dangerous in this case, because it delays the day when that order of pharisaical architecture which this book encourages us to admire will not be tolerated.

If Mr. Hamlin had confined himself to the discussion of European architecture, he would have escaped these strictures, for in dealing with that he is at all times competent and correct; but in reading the confused scroll of our America he is lacking in vision. Except for an occasional reference, one might think, in reading this book, that our modern method of steel construction had never been invented, or that its only legitimate function was to form a scaffolding on which to stretch the

architectural stage scenery of bygone ages and distant climes. Mr. Hamlin affirms that to build in this style or in that is a legitimate thing for us to do.

More than any other country in the world to-day, the United States is heir to all styles, and all cultures, and just as Greek philosophy and Roman Law and Feudalism and Renaissance, individualism, and the rationalism of the eighteenth century have all contributed to our institutions—so our architecture must needs be based on the architecture that all these different peoples have developed.

Of the vast incongruity, the illogicality of nine-tenths of what we essay, he is himself unconscious, or his optimism covers it up for fear that it might act as a deterrent to "enjoyment." He nowhere squarely states this fundamental, necessary fact—that it is the duty and privilege of this age, as of every age, to develop an architectural language eloquent of it, one capable of expressing its unique spirit in some new, yet natural, way. Instead of developing this language, we are saying in various vernaculars things that are not true.

It is right that Mr. Hamlin should praise the beauty of our sky-piercing cities, with their crowns of light and banners of steam. They *are* beautiful, but it is the beauty of unconscious power, not the conscious beauty of art. One should not pluck the fillet from labor to place it on the undeserving brow of the muse who is still asleep. The translation of power into beauty has with us but just begun. Nearly all our loveliness is borrowed loveliness: this fact Mr. Hamlin fails to make sufficiently plain.

It should be made clear, for example, that the beauty of the concourse of the Pennsylvania Terminal, "a thoughtful and imaginative design which makes this interior instinct with noble inspiration," is the beauty of Imperial Rome and in no wise expresses the spirit of modern America; and that in this building convenience has been so sacrificed to grandiloquence that to the bewildered traveller it is a veritable temple of fatigue; to the stockholders, a white elephant. It should be made clear that the "thoughtful simplicity" and "fine repose" of the Boston Public Library are qualities from the Library of Ste. Geneviève, and the Malatestan Temple, and that in this building, again, the fundamental principles of library planning have been violated for the sake of the interior quadrangle, with its massive walls, inspired by the Cancelleria palace.

The reader should be instructed that the Metropolitan Tower is but a later and larger growth of the Venetian campanile San Marco,



and not left to believe (by lumping the two together) that it is in the same class with the Woolworth Building tower, which is, if you please, "instinct with noble inspiration" despite its pseudo-Gothic detail.

Like most optimists, Mr. Hamlin manifests the stand-pat psychology. According to him the architectural chariot must advance always along the well-worn roads, bounded by the ancient scenery. In his discussion of Classic mouldings, he says, "All we can do is to study and re-study, to refine and re-refine the elements left us by the past." What a dusty answer is this to the eager and adventurous spirit! How different from Michelangelo's inspired apostrophe to Brunelleschi: "Like you I will not build, better than you I cannot!" Like the Agatha of Oscar Wilde's play, Mr. Hamlin "loves sunsets." Of sunrise he has little to say. He is fond of "small panes" and open timber roof-trusses; he is overanxious about the contour of his mouldings and the projection of his cornices, and underconcerned with the need, in our northern cities, of all the daylight and sunlight we can possibly get. We are led to understand that he views with alarm vast areas of glass. He seems incapable of visioning the beauty of buildings which shall be, instead of pepperboxes, bubbles of iridescent light against the sky—and this is what we are coming to. Already, in Germany, a glass has been invented which shuts out the heat rays, while admitting the light.

Of course, if he were to subject our architecture to that searching analysis which he studiously avoids, Mr. Hamlin might have to change his title to "The Dis-enjoyment of Architecture." But until we stop all this "digging in the boneyard," how are we to learn the art of creation, how are we to express ourselves in any but an unnatural and affected way? When things have come to a certain pass the anarchist is perhaps a better citizen than the conservative, the pessimist than the optimist. Our present duty is to break up the old thought-forms with the dynamic force of a fresh idealism, and thus liberate the life stream as dynamite breaks up the ice of a frozen river. This is, of course, not the matter to which Mr. Hamlin addresses himself, nor that for which he is constitutionally qualified, and it is therefore hardly fair to take him so severely to task; but he has brought it on himself, in a way,—his book is so tremendously good that one cannot help wishing it were tremendously better.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

### RECONSTRUCTION OF A MASTER.

JACOPO CARUCCI DA PONTORMO: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp: with Foreword by Frank J. Mather, Jr. (Yale University Press; \$7.50.)

In these days, the student of History of Art is appalled at the paucity of adequate books on his subject in the English language—works which, on the one hand, show scholarship, sound, accurate, and orderly, and on the other, infuse such scholarship with enough enthusiasm, sympathy, and warmth of æsthetic appreciation to appeal both to the connoisseur and to the layman. Such a work, however, has just been published by the Yale University Press under the Henry Weldon Barnes Memorial Publication Fund. Not only does the volume reach this standard of excellence in general but it reconstructs for us one of the almost unknown Italian masters of the sixteenth century.

At the beginning of the decline of Italian painting, which started in even during the lifetime of Michelangelo, there were a few artists who still retained enough of the great Florentine traditions to be able to produce, in spite of the overwhelming might of that great master, some works of real æsthetic worth. Such a one was Jacopo Carucci da Pontormo. Born in 1494, early left an orphan, the sensitive precocious boy was apprenticed at an unusually early age to Albertinelli; but without aid, driven on by his wayward, restless nature, always searching for novelty, he passed rapidly under the tutelage of Piero di Cosimo, Leonardo, and Andrea del Sarto, the influence of all of whom is apparent in his early religious paintings, but particularly that of Andrea. The drawings of this period, however, reflect another influence, which moved him even more profoundly, that of Michelangelo. Yet his treatment of form was not merely imitative; its purpose was to satisfy Pontormo's greatest gift—the decorative instinct. The opportunity for free self-expression came with the commission for decorations in the villa of the Medici at Poggio a Cajano, and the lunette in the Great Hall there stands as one of the fine mural decorations of the Renaissance, a composition full of novelty, freshness, delicacy, and winsomeness, thoroughly Quattrocentist in feeling—Pontormo's decorative masterpiece.

At this point, not content with success but ardent to solve other problems, and in order to escape the tyranny which the work of Michelangelo was then exercising over Florence, Pontormo swung over to an alien influence, actuated not so much by his whim-

sical nature, as impelled by an innate understanding; and spread upon the convent walls at Certosa frescoes of the Passion which show that his style had been quite revolutionized by the art of Dürer. This modification of his natural evolution was brief, however, and left no permanent traces. With his usual nimbleness, he swung back to Italian tradition in the altar-pieces of his middle period.

But the tremendous power of the Michelangelo type and pose was something against which the impressionable Jacopo now seemed unable to struggle, though he had an intimate acquaintance with and a more profound understanding of that master than any other contemporary. Yet struggle through he did; and his last phase shows him not an empty imitator of the level of Bronzino and Bandinelli but one who was still searching for his ideal, and to whom the canon of Michelangelo had become "the crude material of a new form of decoration." Hence, in the San Lorenzo frescoes, Pontormo was not an incomprehensible failure, as Vasari would have us believe, but one of the "earliest and most gifted forerunners" of the younger generation of modern painters, "who have broken with a paralyzing conservatism." For, realizing that the Florentines had conquered all their problems connected with the figure arts, Pontormo revolted against the formalism that had resulted from this conquest, and aimed to produce simple and majestic patterns, works of emotional design destined to stir our sensations of form rather than our intelligence. In apparently perfect solitude, for eleven years he labored on these frescoes and left them, at his death in 1557, to be completed by Bronzino.

In one other phase of pictorial art, Pontormo proved himself a real master—portraiture; and such works as the "Cosimo il Vecchio," in the Uffizi, the "Portrait of a Youth," in Lucca, and the "Young Woman," at Frankfurt, not only show a catholic ability in character interpretation but indicate the source of our general tradition of form, for "it was Jacopo who first transformed portraiture by seeing it in terms of Michelangelo's heroic vision and it was Jacopo who, in recording the appearance of his sitters, first sought to combine a massive imaginative simplicity and dignity of presentation with an intangible evocation of individual character."

A hitherto unpublished diary of Pontormo, extending over a period of nearly three years, gives us laconically a vivid picture of this humble, whimsical Italian craftsman of the Cinquecento—solitary, frugal, hard-working, with a few simple pleasures, a

small circle of friends who, withal, were denied admittance at times by finding drawn up above their reach the ladder which served as the only entrance to the workshop of the little home.

Such is Mr. Clapp's reconstruction of this almost unknown personality, which is persuasively told rather than pedantically forced. Yet, notwithstanding his ingenious and logical interpretation of Pontormo's last phase, many students of art history, with the reviewer, will take issue with the author and cling to the opinion that Jacopo, in this last period, sank to the hollow imitation of Michelangelo and that, too, the Michelangelo who was on the downward path from his zenith, and will feel that the eighteenth century not inappropriately buried the San Lorenzo frescoes under a coat of whitewash. For while we grant that they reveal an amazing knowledge of anatomy and an ideal of pattern-like composition, yet their ill proportions, exaggerations, and writhings so contort the representative element that the resultant feeling of distaste militates against any ideal Pontormo may have had for the significant expression of emotional design. One feels that on this point the author's enthusiasm for his subject has blurred his perspective; or else, granting that the excellent quality of these frescoes is clear in his own mind, he does not convincingly enough prove their worth against the adverse criticism of centuries.

The *catalogue raisonné* of the authentic works, as important as the text itself, with almost unparalleled completeness, gives in the case of each picture a detailed description, a critical account of the history, the date, preparatory drawings, reproductions of all kinds, and bibliography. Then follow catalogues of attributed and lost works. Between the text and this group of catalogues are inserted the hundred and fifty-three illustrations, taken mostly from the writer's own photographs and arranged in chronological order, so that a perusal of these alone affords the reader a survey of the development of the artist, which is further aided by the large number of drawings included. For these show not only the genesis and growth of such important works as the lunette at Poggio but fill in the gaps caused by lost works. This unusual placing of the illustrative material greatly facilitates the use of both the text and the catalogue.

The appendixes include a fuller statement of Pontormo's apprenticeship, thirty-six documents relative to his life, many of which are published for the first time, together with a

group of sonnets written on his death and a copy of the diary, with a complete reconstruction and analysis. No bibliography is attached, as nothing of any import has been written on this painter except Mr. Berenson's essay in the "Drawings of the Florentine Painters," brief statements by Carlo Gamba in the Pontormo folio of the "Disegni della Galleria degli Uffizi," and the author's previous work, "Dessins de Pontormo."

A careful reading of the monograph sends one involuntarily back to an expression of the author in the Preface, "the ideal of absolute completeness"; and that is the feeling which Mr. Clapp's book inspires, a completeness that is not merely erudite and weighty with fact but that indicates, together with its convincing scholarship, a poised enthusiasm. Narrative and criticism, as Mr. Mather has pointed out, have been carried along together, and while the exposition is logical, it has left the final verdict to the reader.

The lover of the Italian Renaissance rejoices to have one more master restored from the rubbish heap to a complete personality and becomes aware, thereby, of greater significance in the works universally accorded a high place among masterpieces, such as the lunette at Poggio and some of the portraits, however much he may differ as to the æsthetic value of other works and on the final question as to whether Pontormo was a genius or just missed that mark. We can but wish that the press could add more volumes of such genuine worth to our literature on the history of art.

HELEN GARDNER.

#### MODERN TENDENCIES IN MUSIC.

MUSIC AND BAD MANNERS. By Carl Van Vechten. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.)

There is no connection between this caption and the title of Mr. Carl Van Vechten's latest book of essays on things musical. The former is designed to indicate the subject of the book, so far as a miscellaneous collection of essays can be labelled; the latter doubtless was selected from the titles of the individual essays for its value on the book counter. The essays themselves are quite as readable as the author's previous book, "Music After the Great War," and present many stimulating suggestions for those who are interested in the modern tendencies of so fluid an art as music. On the other hand, the book may distress those who cling to the illusion that their little segment of experience comprehends the whole history of music, or who are too indolent to listen receptively to music

which is pushing beyond the old confines of the art. In the main, Mr. Van Vechten simply ignores those who forget that music has always been evolutionary. He accepts musical empiricism as he accepts night and day. He is more concerned with what music is going to be than with what it has been.

For this reason the first essay, which gives the book its title, is the least important. It consists of a series of anecdotes of musicians who have publicly exhibited what, by implication, are bad manners. Now, if any violation of the conventions is indictable as bad manners, then perhaps these indictments can be sustained. But if the manner of the man is the outward expression of his personal reaction to a situation, then, atrocious as may be the reaction, his manners are good when they truly express his feelings. One should weigh the man's soul before passing on his manners. If it be charged that I am too serious about this, and that these anecdotes are provided for entertainment only, then I question the ethics of asking us to laugh at the soprano who recoiled from the suggestion of eating roast pork before a performance of "Parsifal," or at Paderewski because he could not tolerate disorder in his audience while he was playing, or at the French gallery-gods who stopped a concert until the soloist was made to realize that æsthetically he should sing the "Evening Star Song" before "Wotan's Farewell," instead of after. The world needs more sensitive feeling of this kind, and it cannot be encouraged by ridicule. In justice I must say that many of the author's anecdotes are genuinely amusing; but his selection is not always discriminating.

It might have been more logical to follow the first essay with the third, "Spain and Music," in order to group together those that are reminiscent, as distinguished from the speculative. This is really an important chapter. Mr. Van Vechten has done a service to the literature of music in preparing the best description of Spanish music that I have been able to find in English. He has collated a great deal of valuable information about Spanish opera, religious music, dance music, folk-songs, the zarzuela (described as the mother of the French *opéra bouffe*), and the national composers. The description of Spanish dance music and dances is exceedingly interesting as well as enlightening, and the whole chapter has a distinct value in acquainting the reader with the musical progress of a musical people whose records are nowhere adequately presented in English. While it is impossible justly to sum up this chapter in the present limits, the promise is warrant-



able that it contains much of interest that will be quite new to most readers.

In discussing "Music for the Movies" the author comes nearer to the general tone of the book. He points out that essential as musical accompaniment is to a moving-picture performance, apparently no important composer has been asked to write music for the films.

But the author thinks that new forms will have to be devised. In the absence of pre-arranged scores, pianists and orchestra leaders must do the best they can in selecting music fitted to the pictures exhibited. This is less difficult for the versatile solo pianist, who by skilful extemporizing can get gracefully out of the middle of one composition into another when the action changes on the screen, and who "may vary the tune by sitting on the piano or by upsetting a chair" when the hero falls into the water. But an orchestra, being more immobile, has its own troubles in both suiting and timing its music to the scene. Mr. Van Vechten predicts that before long some enterprising director will engage an enterprising musician to compose music for a picture. The thought excites his irrepressible humor, and he proceeds in this fashion:

Put Igor Strawinsky, or some other modern genius, to work on this problem and see what happens! The musician of the future should revel in the opportunity the moving-picture gives him to create a new form. This form differs from that of the incidental music for a play in that the flow of tone may be continuous and because one never needs to soften the accompaniment so that the voices may be heard; it differs from the music for a ballet in that the scene shifts constantly, and consequently the time-signatures and the mood and the key must be constantly shifting. The swift flash from scene to scene, the "cut-back," the necessary rapidity of the action, all are adapted to inspire the futurist composer to brilliant effort; a tinkle of this and a smash of that, without "working-out" or development; illustration, comment, piquant or serious, that's what the new film music should be. The ultimate moving-picture score will be something more than sentimental accompaniment.

The question, "Shall We Realize Wagner's Ideals?" leads Mr. Van Vechten to suggest that while, in his judgment, Wagner's music is growing a bit old-fashioned, he could hold his place for many decades if justice were done his music dramas in their presentation. In his characteristic manner he ridicules the obsolete scenery and inadequate mechanical devices that have done service, lo, these many years in Wagnerian productions, not only in America but in Europe as well. He would commission a new producer—an Adolphe Appia, a Gordon Craig, a Stanislawsky, or a Roerich—to present Wagnerian music drama in a modern way, using a modern stage setting, modern lighting and color effects, and a

modern handling of mechanical problems—in short, to bring to the task all the resources which Hiram Kelly Moderwell has described in "The Theatre of Today" as the aims and results of the artists who are working in the theatre. He argues the futility of clinging slavishly to the "Bayreuth traditions," asserting that Wagner was more concerned with his ideals than with their practical solution. There has never been a production of the "Ring," he says, which has in any sense realized its true possibilities, the ideal of Wagner.

In "The Bridge Burners" Mr. Van Vechten draws an interesting comparison between the development of music and painting, by which he shows that the evolution of programme music leads to the attempt to paint feeling rather than to photograph an object. Perhaps it is because the critics fail to grasp the significance of this that they entirely miss the composer's intention, as when so able a critic as W. J. Henderson in the New York "Sun" says of the futurists or post-impressionists in music, "they are tone colorists, and that is all." Mr. Van Vechten really comes to the kernel of the matter when he refers to routine, or *cliché*, in music. Each new musical giant has desired to express himself without resorting to the formulas of his predecessors.

Under the inviting title, "A New Principle in Music," Mr. Van Vechten contrasts the effects of Strawinsky's music with that of other composers. In "Petrouchka" Strawinsky abandoned the academic ideas of "balance of tone" and experimented with "pure tone," in the same sense that a painter speaks of pure color. In "The Nightingale" he makes little attempt at representation, striving instead to give the *feeling* of the bird's song. He is continent in his use of sound and in the mystery and esotericism of his effect. In his search for "pure tone" he frequently uses only one of each kind of instrument at a time, and sometimes only a few instruments in all. He is said to have attained an indescribable beauty of color in applying this principle of chamber music to larger forms. In his newest work, "The Village Wedding," he uses an orchestra of forty-five men, each a virtuoso, no two of whom play the same instrument, except that there are two violins; of these, however, one consistently bows while the other plays only pizzicato. Another innovation in "The Village Wedding," following an idea of Diaghileff's, is that the rôles of the opera are sung by artists who sit still, literally a part of the scenery, while the figures of the ballet enact them. Some have predicted that the future of opera lies in this direction, and there are many evidences of a tendency toward a



closer relation between dancing and the higher forms of music.

In the final essay, on Leo Ornstein, Mr. Van Vechten gives an illuminating sketch of this new and interesting figure in music, who, the author shows, possesses something of a dual personality. This is true in his music, some of which he signs "Vannin," and true also in his playing. We learn that Ornstein believes there is an underlying basis of theory for his music which will sometime be formulated, though he does not intend to formulate it. He believes, with Busoni and Schoenberg, that there are no discords, only chords and chords—"millions" of combinations of notes that have not yet been devised. He promises, when he feels that the existing enharmonic scale is limiting him, to write in quarter tones. The voice and the violin are already prepared to perform such music, and new instruments can be created to meet the new need. The piano is held responsible for the rigidity of the present scale. Ornstein, like Strawinsky, tries to express feeling in his music, rather than to imitate sounds or objects. "His music is a modern expression, untraditional, and full of a strange seething emotion; no calculation here. And like the best painting and literature of the epoch it vibrates with the unrest of the period which produced the great war."

It is impossible to test the theories and suggestions in these essays by any chemistry or mechanics. Their soundness or unsoundness can only be eventually a matter of history. But the essayist has his eyes turned in a promising direction, and his views will meet the approval of many close students of modern music.

RUSSELL RAMSEY.

### HEARN IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

APPRECIATIONS OF POETRY. By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited by John Erskine, Ph.D. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.50.)

Sophisticated readers to whom the written works of Hearn's lifetime were a stimulus and an illumination may conceivably put down this report of the author's classroom lectures with a sense of disappointment. The lectures undoubtedly have their value; but that value is for a group of persons different from those who were most keenly delighted by Hearn's main writings. The young student of poetry or the foreigner making his first attempt to approach English literature may find in this book a rare and precious aid; the mature and experienced mind, however, will be likely to regard the volume as rather commonplace and simple fare.

As a pedagogical curiosity, it must be admitted that the book has its interest. Hearn, the preface tells us, lectured without notes, but very slowly, choosing simple words and constructions, in order to make the foreign language as easy as possible to his Japanese students; and some of the students managed to take down many lectures word for word, compiling thus a record from which this volume could be shaped. So here we have what is presumably a fairly accurate report of those things that Hearn thought it advisable and possible to say to the Oriental mind about English poetry. And it is hard to escape the conviction that Hearn was a good teacher, and that he found a way of giving to his pupils a fuller and richer account of English poetry than most men would have dared to undertake. Where so appallingly much was unknown to the minds of his audience, he courageously went forward into thickets of tangled allusion and association, and worked out for them what must have been a distinctly illuminating interpretation. We might count ourselves very fortunate indeed if some Japanese would give us an interpretation of his nation's poetry that was half as successful.

We cannot judge of Hearn's tastes and interests by the mere subjects of these lectures, for admittedly the accidents of preservation or loss, as the case might be, govern the selection here presented. Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, Browning, Morris, Arnold, and Kingsley are among the poets to whom he devotes rather elaborate studies; evidently they are from a course that covered only the latter part of the nineteenth century. And if one feels inclined at times to quarrel with the indiscriminate praise which Hearn heaps upon one and all of these, one must recall that this is far more an attempt to arouse the interest of students than to analyze the claims of artists. Yet comprehensible and forgivable as this fact is, it still further increases the disappointment of the reader who had here looked for penetrating and brilliant discrimination.

As a literary critic, Hearn here shows himself to be more sympathetic and conventional than brilliant. Really original and profound criticism,—criticism that throws a light not thrown before,—is not to be found here. And the style, naturally enough when one considers how the book was composed and recorded, is quite lacking in the carefully calculated charm with which Hearn's written work has made us familiar. In spite, therefore, of the many occasional felicities of interpretation that are to be found in the book,

it leaves in one's mind the impression of a piece of schoolroom drill; and it is not with entire happiness that one contemplates this example of the way in which a very subtle artist, when forced to earn his bread by means of a trade, went about the laborious business. These lectures, faithfully and admirably adapted to the purposes for which they were composed, seem a little out of place on one's shelves beside "Out of the East" and "Gleanings from Buddha Fields."

The book is a hard one from which to quote; but here is a passage that is perhaps as detachable and as interesting as any, and more philosophical than most. Hearn is lecturing "On Love in English Poetry."

Consider the place and the meaning of love in any human life. It is essentially a period of idealism, of imagining better things and conditions than are possible in this world. For everybody who has been in love has imagined something higher than the possible and the present. Any idealism is a proper subject for art. It is not the same in the case of realism. Grant that all this passion, imagination, and fine sentiment is based upon a very simple animal impulse. That does not make the least difference in the value of the highest results of that passion. We might say the very same thing about any human emotion; every emotion can be evolutionally traced back to simple and selfish impulses shared by man with the lower animals. But because an apple or a pear tree happens to have its roots in the ground, does that mean that its fruits are not beautiful and wholesome? Most assuredly we must not judge the fruit of the tree from the unseen roots; but what about turning up the ground to look at the roots? What becomes of the beauty of the tree when you do that? The realist—at least the French realist—likes to do that. He likes to bring back the attention of the reader to the lowest rather than to the highest, to that which should be kept hidden, for the very same reason that the roots of a tree should be kept underground if the tree is to live.

The time of illusion, then, is the beautiful moment of passion; it represents the artistic zone in which the poet or romance writer ought to be free to do the very best he can. He may go beyond that zone; but then he has only two directions in which he can travel. Above it there is religion, and an artist may, like Dante, succeed in transforming love into a sentiment of religious ecstasy. But upward there is no other way to go. Downward the artist may travel until he finds himself in hell. Between the zone of idealism and the brutality of realism there are no doubt many gradations. I am only indicating what I think to be an absolute truth, that in treating of love the literary master should keep to the period of illusion, and that to go below it is a dangerous undertaking.

This passage is an unusual one in the book; few others deal with such general principles. It shows, however, how conventional Hearn's literary theories were; and it also suggests how well he might be able to make them clear to alien minds.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

### THE JARVES COLLECTION.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES IN THE JARVES COLLECTION BELONGING TO YALE UNIVERSITY. By Oswald Sirén, Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm. (Yale University Press; \$7.50.)

The Jarves Collection, composed chiefly of paintings by the Italian "Primitives," and for more than forty-five years the property of Yale University, has had a more interesting history than any other great collection in this country, unless perhaps it be that of the drawings by old masters belonging to Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine. This collection, formed by the son of Governor Bowdoin, was, on his death, valued by the appraisers of his estate at \$7.75, though it contains three authenticated Rembrandts and is, as a whole, second only to the Morgan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The Jarves Collection, brought to the United States in 1860 as a semi-speculative venture, was never subjected to any such entirely fantastic undervaluation. Indeed, considerable attention was paid to it at the time in the public press. But many years passed before the collection was appreciated at anything like its real worth, and during the decade when it vainly sought a permanent and collective resting-place, it steadily shrank in size, like the Sibylline Books. It is to be wished that Dr. Sirén, in his monumental "Catalogue of the Jarves Collection," appropriately published last autumn by the Yale University Press, and under the auspices of the Yale Art School, had given the story of this wandering and this shrinkage a little more in detail from the wealth of existing contemporary documents. He does not even give the full name of J. Jackson Jarves, the original collector, nor does he allude to the fact that the majority of the pictures at one time or another withdrawn from the collection, and including some of its finest numbers, are to-day to be found in the Holden collection at Cleveland, Ohio—a collection which is thus complementary in a very important sense to the one under discussion.

The Jarves pictures were first exhibited in the so-called "Institute of Fine Arts," or the Derby Gallery, New York. At this time the catalogue, prepared by Mr. Jarves who, however, buttressed his own personal opinions by the judgments of the best European experts of the period, contained 145 numbers. Three years later the pictures were shown in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. By this time the number was reduced to 134, and "this restriction of the collection went on

still more rapidly during the following years so that fifteen more pictures were taken out before the collection was deposited in 1867 in the Art School of Yale University." The remaining 119 pictures were finally put up at public sale on November 9, 1871. "The only bid was made by the Yale Corporation, which acquired the collection for the exceedingly moderate sum of \$22,000, \$20,000 of which had already been paid to Mr. Jarves some years previously as a loan upon the paintings. Mr. Jarves had good reason to feel disappointed," adds Dr. Sirén, "at the lack of interest shown by the American public in the masterpieces which the experts of that time had told him should be worth \$100,000." Since then the pictures have been regularly exhibited in the gallery of the Yale Art School where, however, they have remained almost entirely overlooked by students and the general public alike; so that when attention again gradually began to be directed to them about ten years ago, the news of the existence of a collection so rich in the very class of pictures rare elsewhere in America, yet eagerly sought for by American collectors abroad, came almost with the shock of a fresh discovery.

As has been said, the first catalogue of the Jarves Collection was prepared by Mr. Jarves himself, who also was responsible for the second catalogue, for the New York Historical Society exhibition. In 1868 a "Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Paintings," by Russell Sturgis, Jr., was published by Yale University. This "Manual," which is mainly a mere abbreviated compilation of Jarves's original catalogue, containing the same names, descriptions, and documents as the first one, though in a less complete form, has remained the only catalogue available in the Yale Art School, where it is still on sale. Dr. Sirén remarks:

It would be unfair to blame Jarves for shortcomings in regard to attributions which are no worse than those given in the catalogues of European galleries of that time. It is less his fault than the fault of the general standards and methods of art criticism of the middle of the XIX century that he freely mixes Florentine and Sienese schools, that he sees Giotto's hand in Taddeo Gaddi's work, or Simone Martini's in Orcagna's, and so on, or—worst of all—that he presents a fabrication of the XIX century as a masterpiece by the youthful Raphael. Such mistakes are only too common in the art literature of the time, and most of the authorities quoted by Jarves seem to have shared them with him.

These "general standards and methods" of European art criticism, which Jarves accepted

without question, have, however, long since been fundamentally reformed and revised. In recent years particularly, the art or discipline of modern scientific attribution, fathered by Morelli and facilitated by photography, which makes all the masterpieces of all the galleries immediately available for purposes of study and comparison, has advanced by immense strides, and the shortcomings of the Jarves-Sturgis "Manual" have long since become only too painfully apparent.

The first critical account of the Jarves pictures by a modern art critic, was an article by William Rankin in the "American Journal of Archaeology," for April, 1895, though Crowe and Cavalcaselle had already mentioned two of the Jarves pictures in the first edition of their "History." Since then Mr. Bernhard Berenson has increasingly included pictures from the Jarves Collection in his lists of the works of Italian painters of the XV and XVI centuries; while various other writers, including Mr. F. M. Perkins, Professor F. J. Mather, Jr., Professor Ch. Hülsen, and Professor Schrubring (author of a recently published and authoritative work on Italian *Cassoni*), have described various departments of the collection and suggested numerous new attributions. Dr. Sirén himself, before the appearance of the present comprehensive catalogue of the collection, contributed several short articles on the trecento pictures in the Jarves Collection to the "Burlington Magazine" (1908) and "Art in America" (1914); the contents of these papers reappear in somewhat modified form in the present volume, where it has been the author's "endeavor to note as completely as possible at the end of the discussion of each painting the literature relating to it."

As the purpose of the catalogue was to provide not only a gallery guide but a manual for students, Dr. Sirén has in some cases (especially where he is dealing with little-known early painters) added rather long historical notes, which certainly add to the general interest of the work, although they have helped to make it rather bulky for its primary object. It may also be said that his very full descriptions of many of the pictures are at times rather unnecessarily extended by the inclusion of somewhat superfluous information concerning familiar mythological subjects, as in the case of "Actaeon and the Hounds" (No. 48), a *cassone* front by Jacopo del Sellaio, where it is stated that "Actaeon was a famous huntsman, son of Aristaeus and



Autonoe, daughter of Cadmus." Still, these are but minor details in a work notable for the skill with which its broadly conceived plan is consistently carried out.

The principle of arrangement adopted is, in the first place, chronological, in the second place, according to schools. "This seemed to me most suitable," comments Dr. Sirén, "because the main part of the collection consists of Italian pictures from the XIII to the XVI centuries. The division into chapters corresponding to the different centuries seemed natural because the early Tuscan paintings which form the nucleus of the collection are more closely allied to each other than the early and late paintings of any one local school." Inside the broad chronological divisions the local schools are, however, kept as distinct as possible. A concluding chapter deals with "Non-Italian Schools," a division being made between the "Italo-Byzantine Schools" and the "Dutch and Flemish Schools." A final entry disposes summarily of the claims of the pseudo-Raphael under the rubric of "Unknown Painter, about the middle of the XIX century."

This is not the place to enter upon any general description of the Jarves Collection or to give a detailed account of the catalogue itself, interesting as it would be to take up one by one the various attributions, comparing them with the old Jarves ascriptions, as well as with those of more recent critics and historians. All things considered, it is remarkable that Dr. Sirén finds himself so often in agreement with the early attributions, especially as he frequently departs from the findings of contemporary confrères who employ similar methods — a divergence which makes it clear that the modern art of scientific attribution has still a considerable distance to go before it can be regarded in any real sense as an "exact science." Dr. Sirén is far from presenting any such presumptuous claim, and shows signal modesty in presenting his own views. Where there remains the least doubt, or possibility of a doubt, as to his conclusions, he carefully sums up the evidence and leaves the final judgment to the student, who is invited to examine all the documents for himself — as in the case of the rare and elusive Ambrogio di Baldese, a Florentine artist of the Gerini *bottega*, to whom Dr. Sirén attributes a "Triptych Representing the Madonna with Four Saints" (No. 22), assigned by Jarves to an "Unknown Painter of the Sienese School."

On the whole, the Jarves Collection would seem to have gained quite as much as it has lost by the rigid analysis to which Dr. Sirén has subjected it, though in this connection it would have been interesting and valuable to have from the cataloguer's hand a final appraisal of the entire collection. It is true that the Raphael has been placed *hors de combat*, that a "Head of the Dead Christ" (No. 114), formerly attributed to Dürer, has been taken from that artist and assigned to the Flemish painter Marinus van Roymerswaele, and that an appreciable number of paintings have been switched from men of first-rate importance to secondary or tertiary followers. But, on the other hand, there have been distinct gains, as in the assignment of the three little pictures which comprise No. 1 in the collection, and which Jarves attributed fantastically to an "Unknown Painter of the XI century" — there was no religious art worthy of the name in Italy at that early era — to Bonaventura Berlinghieri. Berlinghieri is, as Dr. Sirén says, "one of the great precursors of Giotto."

It would not be fair to compare the painter of the Jarves picture with later artists, like Cimabue and Donatello, who have all the advantage of more developed means of expression, but he may be ranked with them as one of the great imaginative masters. There is a deep agitating feeling in his conception of the Passion; Christ is an intensely suffering human being. . . . There are not many pictures of this early epoch which stand on a level with this one in regard to decorative and emotional qualities.

Dr. Sirén discusses at length the great painting by Pollajuolo, representing the "Rape of Deïra" (No. 42). This remains one of the most important *pièces* of the collection, though Dr. Sirén is of the opinion that the figures of Deïra and of Nessus, whose evident inferiority to that of Hercules "cannot be explained by the subsequent restorations of the picture," are the work, not of Antonio, but of his younger brother Piero. Antonio was, however, responsible for the whole composition.

The pictures of the Jarves Collection were carefully cleaned in the summer of 1915 by a competent restorer. Rehung now in their new arrangement in the gallery of the Yale Art School, with Dr. Sirén's masterly catalogue as a guide to the student, they will no doubt attract an increasing number of visitors to New Haven, which must henceforth take rank as one of the art capitals of America.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

### A PAINTER OF THE FOREST.

ALEXANDER WYANT. By Eliot Clark. Illustrated. Frederic Fairchild Sherman; \$12.50.

Mr. Clark's book is the latest of a series that has now become well and favorably known to those interested in American landscape painting. Like most of the earlier volumes in the series, it presents a painter's views of a painter. Professor Mather's book on Homer Martin was, of course, the work of a critic and a student; but the other volumes in the series have been by painters. They have been appreciations,—to use a somewhat hackneyed term in the sense in which Walter Pater brought it into use. For that reason the books have an especial value for the student and lover of pictures. They are beautifully printed and illustrated, and they present an especial view. This latest volume, like the others in the series, is well worth having.

I have before had opportunity in *THE DIAL* to point out reasons why those who are planning the series should try to do even more than they do; and in spite of my ill success in the past, it seems worth while to say the same thing briefly once more. It seems to me almost obvious that such beautiful monographs ought to have some of the apparatus that would be of value to the student of American painting, as well as the artistic appreciation that would perhaps satisfy the painter or amateur. If nothing more, it would certainly be useful to have in such a volume a list of the pictures of Wyant, with the dates of their execution. Of course such a list is not necessary to the appreciation of Wyant or anybody else; but Mr. Clark apparently and naturally has a clear idea of the general development of Wyant's art and of the place in that development of one or another picture. It is only asking him to give the reader the means that he has himself collected, at least to some degree. The utmost vagueness prevails in this matter, not only in regard to Wyant, but with many others of our earlier landscape painters. It would seem clear that if students do not know just what a man painted, they cannot know his place in the history of art.

Mr. Clark's book, like the others in the series, not only does not have any list of the pictures of its subject, but it does not give the dates of the works which it does reproduce. Mr. Clark usually speaks of pictures with especial reference to the period in which they were painted. Yet the details noted with each painting rarely give the date or the period. Mr. Clark notes where and

how the picture is signed,—a matter which seems almost invariable, and which can usually be seen by looking at the painting itself; but he does not give the date unless it is on the picture. As the reproductions are not arranged in any obvious order, and are sometimes referred to in the text and sometimes not, they are useful chiefly for that direct appreciation of the beautiful which is so necessary and so delightful, but not (even in Mr. Clark's view) absolutely sufficing. Besides direct appreciation of a beautiful picture, the student wants to know its place in the life of the painter, that he may form some idea (as Mr. Clark does) of the growth and development of the painter's art; and for that one would desire either a dated list of the pictures of one's painter, or at least that the pictures reproduced should be chosen and arranged to illustrate the development the writer has in mind.

All of which is rather negative criticism, as well as something for which Mr. Clark himself is not responsible. It is the plan of the series not to give scholarly apparatus, but to give instead artistic appreciation. I do not see that the two are incompatible, but perhaps they are. Perhaps Mr. Clark would not be able to give the names and dates and so on that I should like to study over. I am quite sure that I should not be able to give the kind of appreciation of Wyant (or anyone else) that he can. And that, after all, is one of the most important things in art of any kind. To know what the artist aims, tries, longs to do,—that is at the bottom of a real enjoyment of what he does do. And few persons can appreciate what a painter tries to do better than a painter; he is likely to have something in common that will enable him to appreciate. Mr. Daingerfield, in writing of George Inness, had the advantage of personal acquaintance. Mr. Clark could hardly have known Wyant personally, save perhaps as a boy; but he is himself a landscape painter of a time not so long after Wyant, and naturally he is well acquainted with the work and the traditions of the earlier man.

However that may be, Mr. Clark's is the first attempt that I know of at a careful study of Wyant's art. Wyant is not so distinctive a painter as George Inness, on the one hand, or Homer Martin on the other, with both of whom he is generally named in the development of American art. Most large galleries have some of his pictures, though not always his most characteristic, if one may judge from Mr. Clark's selections, which are usually from pictures in private galleries. Still, Wyant does not make so striking an impression on

people as do a good many other painters of more definite characteristics. It is all the more useful, therefore, that we should have the impression of one who has been really impressed.

Before he seeks to give a special appreciation, Mr. Clark views the whole career of Wyant, particularly in its historical relation. He sees in his earlier paintings the influence of the early American landscapists, particularly Durand, and something of the German painters then popular, as well as something of a quality that seems his own. Mr. Clark has some good remarks on the landscape of that earlier time:

The pencil and the brush were for the German painters and their American followers during the first part of the nineteenth century what the camera is to the modern tourist. They were essentially topographical draughtsmen, bringing home records of foreign lands and unusual scenes to satisfy the interest of the curious. Their aim being essentially to inform and instruct, their work is purely illustrative. Wyant lost little time in following vague and uncertain ideas and theories, but was content to apply himself in the given manner. This was in a certain sense painting over drawing, and it is only in understanding this method that we will get a clear idea of these early pictures and understand their deficiency as well as their significance.

Such painting gave a good deal, but it lacked more; it gave form and detail, but it lacked light and atmosphere. Mr. Clark thinks that in spite of local subject and superficial representation it was not essentially American in character. It seems to me, however, that notwithstanding its foreign influence it had a good deal that was characteristic of the time. It was at once large and grandiose, small and petty; and really those were common characteristics of that America of the middle of the century which was Wyant's influence in his earlier years.

Later on, like all other landscape painters of his day, Wyant became interested in the Barbizon painters. In 1880 these were dominant men; some, though, escaped their influence. But in the next ten years of his life, Wyant learned more directly from nature than from anything in anybody else. Those were his Adirondack years and the years he passed in the Catskills. Of this period Mr. Clark does most to give us the spirit and the sentiment. He makes an excellent remark about the difference between the earlier Wyant and the later:

Had Wyant not become ill, but returned strengthened and invigorated from his early Western adventure, we might have had many interesting records, topographically correct, of the wonders of Western scenery. He would not only have been the rival of Bierstadt and Church for popular applause and appreciation, but would have added a more sensitive and truthful account of the country which he observed.

It is not that sort of thing that we get in the later Wyant. In the later French landscape Wyant saw the possibility of giving not merely the forms and figures of nature but his own impression and appreciation. Mr. Clark is very interesting in his presentation of the technical means whereby Wyant found it possible to express the things he wished to express. He began by reducing the angle of vision, and so enabled himself to get a single impression; and as he became more and more intimate with the Adirondack woods, these impressions became more and more personal and beautiful. There is an attractive picture of Wyant's in the National Gallery at Washington,—“The Flume on the Opalescent River,” a beautiful rendering of a beautiful and striking place. But a place needed not to be so particularly striking in its form as the Flume on the Opalescent. So simple a subject as the “Old Clearing,” in the Metropolitan, reproduced by Mr. Clark, gives us the real thing just as well,—indeed better, because our mind is not distracted by considering the forms and details which had been so fascinating in the earlier art. Wyant's impressionism was not mere vagueness. Mr. Clark shows how carefully in his later years he studied all kinds of natural objects,—rocks, trees, brooks, and so on,—and how excellent he became as a draughtsman, so that (though in later years he had to work with his left hand) he could use the forms of nature to express his own ideas of rhythm, balance, and harmony.

There never, I believe, has been an exhibition devoted to presenting an adequate idea of the whole work of this painter; but there are several places where one may obtain a good idea of his work. In the Metropolitan Museum are seven of his pictures; with two exceptions these are not dated, but at least they are hung near together, and they are so different in period and character that with Mr. Clark's help one may form from them an excellent idea of the painter. There are also a number at the Corcoran and National galleries in Washington,—though, as I remember, not so many. It would be a delightful occupation for the picture lover to settle and clarify his ideas about a painter concerning whom most people are a little vague. Wyant is commonly mentioned with George Inness and Homer Martin. He will rarely be thought equal to either in that vague element which we name “greatness,”—but he will be found by many to have a personal charm equal to either.

EDWARD E. HALE.



## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

FRENCH ETCHERS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE. By William Aspenwall Bradley. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50.

Here is a book full of entertaining estimates of interesting personalities and sketches of the relation between the etchers and the literary men of the period. All the foremost writers of this time, especially the poets, evinced the greatest interest in the revival of etching as a creative medium, and so we read of Baudelaire's friendship for the immortal Méryon, of the etchings made by Victor Hugo as the result of his association with Maxime Lalanne, and of the Goncourts, who learned to etch from the great Braqueyemond himself and who numbered in their immediate circle the greatest etchers of the day. A chapter is devoted to the artists of France during the siege of Paris, and the Commune, a chapter which current events endow with immediate significance. It brings us to a realization that the artists of to-day are only repeating the sacrifices made by their brothers of 1871, and many of us may share the mood of Goussier at the funeral of Regnault: "We lament above the body of this talented youth, the burial of France. It is horrible, this equality before the brutal death dealt by rifle or cannon, which strikes genius or imbecility, the precious life like that which is without worth." The chapter on the Goncourts and their circle is perhaps the most engaging, but it contains little that is new. The most significant pages are certainly those devoted to Mr. Bradley's estimates of Corot as a lithographer and Lalanne as an etcher. We are greatly indebted for this illuminating analysis of the work of the most essentially French of painter-etchers, Maxime Lalanne, an artist praised too extravagantly perhaps by his contemporaries, but whom later critics are wont to praise too little. What Mr. Bradley has to say of the Corot lithographs is of great value and draws attention to a less familiar but very important phase of this painter's genius. The entire book has distinction, that of literary style and selection, and we hope that the author may soon devote a similar volume to the best etchers working to-day, bringing to an appreciation of their achievement his clarity of style and accuracy of judgment.

THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING. By Alexandre Benois. Translated by Abraham Yarmolinsky. Introduction by Christian Brinton. Knopf; \$3.

We have learned to look to Russia for much of originality and inspiration of late, particularly since the arrival of the Russian Ballet. Consequently it is with no little disappointment that we discover, through this excellent volume, how barren is the Russian school of painting. As the author admits, in an essentially fair critical survey of Russian painting of the western type, Russia has not achieved in painting the distinction which places her so well forward in music, literature, and decoration. In this realm of art she is still

imitative, and but little of that Slavonic note which so splendidly individualizes her accomplishments in other fields is apparent. M. Benois is well suited for the difficult task in hand, for as one-time director of the Ballet Russe, as co-author of "Le Pavillon d'Armide" and "Petrovitchka" and a painter himself, we may be certain that he has found everything of significance which this rather barren field offers. This volume fills a need in the study of contemporary art, and the author's method of historical criticism is so happily combined with a keen feeling for the subtleties of social influence that, in place of an academic record, he has given us a work which not only illuminates the subject but throws many interesting sidelights upon the Russian character as well. It is not out of place here to mention the exceptionally beautiful letterpress and the quality of the thirty-two plates, many of which are in color. The volume might well be studied by other publishers, for Mr. Knopf has displayed an originality and independence in its manufacture comparable only with the better decorative tendencies of certain Continental publishers.

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES. By John Thomas Smith. Edited and Annotated by Wilfred Whitten. In Two Volumes. Lane; \$7.50.

John Thomas Smith, sometime Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, was an early realist who relied on malice to point his pen, and was well inspired in his trust. His master Nollekens had so deft a hand at the "busto" that even Dr. Johnson admitted he could "chop out a head with anyone"; but the pupil saw no reason for confining himself to heads and he has given us a full-length statue of his benefactor, in which not a fold or wrinkle of the moral nature is omitted and in which due prominence is accorded to the original's feet of clay. Joseph Nollekens was what cynics are given to calling "very human"—our universal meannesses reached in him the pitch of caricature. If he lives for us to-day, it is not because he modeled portrait busts of Laurence Sterne, George III, Pitt, Fox, and the ever-imposing Dr. Johnson, and mingled on rather doubtful terms in the greatest society, but because an incomparable gossip was by taking notes, a gossip so happily trivial-minded that he found nothing unworthy of record. Thus it is that we are privileged to look on while the eminent sculptor, with a thrift that will be sympathetically regarded to-day, ordered the coals to be delivered early so that he might reckon the bags and lock them in his wine-cellar before departing for his labors. Nollekens and his wife count the cheese parings and the candle ends in our presence, and by a miracle of nursing contrive to make a pair of moulds last a twelvemonth. Nollekens, however, was not a sufficiently large peg on which to hang the mass of anecdote, gossip, and observation that our author had crowded into his head in the course of an industrious career. Nollekens is but the center of the book. Round him is grouped a most impressive society. We have intimate glimpses or anecdotes of Gainsborough, Garrick, Hogarth,

Benjamin West, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many more. Smith had, of course, a keen technical interest in the method of his artist friends, and he mingles descriptions of their habits of work with critical judgments and moral reflections in the freest manner. Since he was at least as much interested in personal details as he was in art and used the same informal style to describe both, he has left us a vivid picture of an interesting age. Nollekens and his friends have long been known to connoisseurs of art and literature. It is to introduce them to a wider circle of readers that the present handsome edition has been issued, an edition copiously illustrated with rare drawings of old London and with reproductions of water-colors and engravings of worthies of the period.

#### VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS.

By George Wharton Edwards. Penn Publishing Co.; \$5.

This volume will appeal chiefly to those to whom its subject is already familiar through travel, and to them it will come in the nature of a poignant souvenir. Its tone is rather that of the genial traveller returned than of the student. Its sprinklings of history are pleasantly interspersed with personal reminiscence and anecdote, and the two hundred pages will offer congenial browsing grounds for those who have known, or would know, the beauty of this land, now vanished before the vandalism of invaders. Each of the cities and towns described,—Malines, Dixmude, Ypres, Nieuport, Louvain, Courtrai,—has staged such brutal tragedies of late that it will be difficult to dismiss the anger inspired by their desecration; but to those who are able to forget and forgive, this volume with its many charming pictures will be welcome.

#### THE ART OF LOOKING AT PICTURES. By Carl H. P. Thurston. Dodd, Mead; \$1.50.

Over a hundred painters find space in the pages of this attractive, convenient, and genuinely useful little volume. Its sub-title is "An Introduction to the Old Masters," but it ranges over all the national schools from Cimabue to Whistler, considered in alphabetical order, with thirty-two illustrations. The author's method is to give, first, about one page of concise and specific directions as to what should be looked for in the works of the individual artist as a whole; second, a brief biography; third, a number of quotations from the best critics; fourth, a brief note regarding the best examples of the artist's work and their location. Both the manner of these "Directions for Looking" and their value are very well illustrated by part of the page on Perugino: "(1) Note the smallness of the mouth and eyes, the narrowness of the nose at the tip, and the perfect oval of the face. (2) Feel the delicacy with which the fingers rest on whatever they come in contact with. (3) Notice the long, undulating sweep of Perugino's landscapes; study the other long, gently curving lines till you feel the particular quality of their curvature. (4) Note how little ornament he uses, and how naturally and simply he allows the dra-

peries to hang. (5) Realize the physical quiescence and passivity of his people, and the silence which surrounds them. . . . (7) Feel the clear, infinite depths of atmosphere in which these people are immersed . . . etc." What we have here is in reality a precipitate of appreciation applicable to any picture of the celebrated Umbrian. There follow the essentials of Perugino's life and environment, and quotations from J. A. Symonds, Vernon Lee, and the Blashfields. Mr. Thurston's book will be liked, not only by those for whom it is expressly intended, namely, those who feel unable to appreciate the Old Masters without aid, and perhaps even doubt their importance in these days of the New, but by the more initiate who enjoy having their impressions renewed and deepened. It is a book to be used above all in the gallery, but it may also be used to advantage with colored prints and photographs, or simply with the images that hang on the wall of the picture-lover's memory. Instructors and students in formal courses in the history and appreciation of art should consider whether it might not serve among textbooks.

#### A HISTORY OF ORNAMENT ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL. By A. D. F. Hamlin. Century; \$3.

The present volume at last makes accessible to American and English readers a comprehensive study of the art of architectural ornament, and of ornament in general as applied to art works of lesser size. It brings the study up to the Renaissance, whose styles, together with the modern, will form the content of a second volume which it is to be hoped will appear without delay. This first volume, however, is complete in itself. It contains 19 chapters, beginning with primitive and savage ornament and ending with Gothic, 406 clearly printed octavo pages, and 400 illustrations, including 23 plates, seven of which are in color. At the chapter-ends are well-chosen lists of "Books Recommended" for the use of the special reader. Professor Hamlin, who occupies the chair of the History of Architecture in Columbia University, will receive thanks for a much desired and valuable service from instructors and students of architecture as a profession, from college lecturers and students who deal with it as a means to general culture, and from travellers and others who have a general interest in architecture. Hitherto, for anything like systematic treatment of the subject, we have had to rely upon scattered special articles and chapters in books, or upon works in foreign tongues, or upon more or less unmanageable works in English, none of which has afforded the concise, orderly, comprehensive, and beautifully illustrated treatment found in this volume. The general reader who wishes to look upon building with intelligent eyes will be glad of the opportunity to possess the means of cultivation the book affords; and every library management should place it within the reach of its clientele as a means of stimulating appreciation of an art which is always before the public eye, on which the public money is spent more lavishly than upon any other art, and of whose identity as an art the great majority of the citizenship are singularly unappreciative.

## NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Editors will be pleased to answer inquiries or to render to readers such services as are possible.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth, always objects of interest in our history, are enjoying a renewal and accentuation of that interest as the time draws near for celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of their landing. Announcement comes from Sheffield, Pennsylvania, that a bibliography of the Pilgrims of Plymouth is in course of preparation at the hands of Mr. Byron Barnes Horton, of Sheffield, and that it is to be published in 1920, the tercentennial year.

The Bibliophile's prayer, as uttered nearly six hundred years ago by Richard de Bury in his "Philobiblon," is still timely. "The Library Miscellany" of Baroda (in British India) is glad to give it space, and from that publication it is here quoted: "Almighty Author and Lover of peace, scatter the nations that delight in (unjust) war, which is above all plagues injurious to books. For wars, being without the control of reason, make a wild assault on everything they come across, and lacking the check of reason they push on without discretion or distinction to destroy the vessels of reason." In the fourteenth century, as also before and since, it was lamented that "so many thousands of innocents, in whose mouth was no guile," had been "turned into stinking ashes" by incendiary hands.

The Riccardi Press, which confesses itself to be no press, but merely a name on the title-page of books printed for the Medici Society, protests against the practice of issuing limited editions at prices inversely proportioned to the size of the edition. The Kelmscott Press, established by one who called himself a socialist, was a conspicuous offender in this respect. It did not strive to promote the greatest good of the greatest number of readers. The Medici Society, American Branch (recently incorporated), will control the publication in this country of books issued by the Medici Society of London; and these works will bear the Riccardi Press imprint. Real values at reasonable prices will be offered in these publications. Further details are obtainable from the Society, at 12 Harecourt Street, Boston.

The Britwell Americana, from Britwell Court, Burnham, England, containing 390 items, and formerly owned by Mr. S. R. Christie-Miller, has just come into the possession of that prince of collectors, Mr. Henry E. Huntington. Mr. George D. Smith, who has before now acted as intermediary between owner or auctioneer and Mr. Huntington, went to England and secured the entire collection, which was to have been dispersed by public sale at Sotheby's, beginning August 15. The precious purchase was brought home by Mr. Smith, and has now been conveyed, for a consideration said to be \$350,000, to the multimillionaire collector. Among notable rarities in the lot are mentioned the Massachusetts laws printed at Cambridge in 1660 and valued now at \$15,000; "New Mexico, otherwise the Voyage of Anthony of Espejo," published about 1587, and also worth to-day

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about \$15,000; William Strachey's "For the Colony in Virginea, Britannia, Lawes Divine, Morall and Martian," published about 1612, and extant in only one other copy, that of the British Museum; Jourdan's "Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels," 1610; and a perfect set of De Bry's "Voyages" in 102 volumes.

"The Diary of James Birket," published by the Yale University Press in an edition of three hundred copies, is a curiosity that will amuse as well as instruct its readers. Of Birket himself little is known, and that little is chiefly gleaned or inferred from his diary. A resident of the island of Antigua, he seems to have acted as correspondent and factor for various merchants of the Northern Colonies in their commercial dealings with Antigua. His diary, after passing through various hands, was finally presented to Yale for publication, and its title in full is descriptive of the contents. "Some Cursory Remarks Made by James Birket in his Voyage to North America, 1750-1751"—such, in its old-time fulness, is the name of the little *itinerarium*. Landing at Portsmouth, Birket proceeded down the coast, pausing at the chief towns on the way. Thus he gives us glimpses of Boston, Newport, New London, New Haven, New York, and Philadelphia, with sundry minor settlements on his route. Harvard College is viewed with intelligent interest, and its library is described as "Large & Commodious," but "the books are mostly Old And not kept in that Order One could wish." The Dewey classification was still a century and a quarter in the future. At New Haven the traveller is impressed with the appearance of "Yale Colledge," in which "is a Very pretty Library And well kept, their Books are many of 'em of Much Later date and better Choose then those at Cambridge They are Obligated for a good part of them to the late Dean Berkley now Byshop of Cloyne in Ireland." The quaint entries in this diary vary from incidental mention of "being much out of Order with the Cholick & A Cold" to appreciative record of the products of the soil, which raises "great Plenty of fruite & Roots as Potatoes, Turneps, Parsneps, Carratts Cabbage & C & C."

A priceless French newspaper forms the subject of an interesting prefatory note to the current quarterly number of the "Bulletin of the Virginia State Library." This library has received from a generous benefactress, Miss Grace Arents, of Richmond, a rich collection of French journals, including a complete set of "Le Moniteur Universel" (1789-1864), so great a rarity (in a commercial sense) that the adjective priceless may without exaggeration be applied to it; for its present market value is a matter of conjecture. Its "Historical Introduction" alone, which goes with the really "complete" set, was so difficult to obtain twenty years ago that 300 francs was offered for a copy, its original price having been one-twelfth of that amount. The Virginia set of this journal is declared to be the only complete one on this side of the Atlantic. In European public and private libraries there were, thirty years ago, supposed to be about two hundred sets; but how many of them were then and still are absolutely perfect in their

completeness, as this set is believed to be—not a leaf missing—no one can tell. Curious details are still communicated by the Virginia assistant librarian, Mr. Earl G. Swem. Different styles of binding mark the several political periods covered by the set. The first section (1789-1800) belonged originally to a nobleman of the *ancien régime*, who indignantly stopped his subscription with the rise of Napoleon. The second section (1800-1814) belonged to no less a personage than Louis Philippe, whose private libraries were sold after his flight in 1830. The period of the Restoration covers a third section, which was owned by the above-mentioned nobleman, his subscription having been resumed after the usurper's fall. The remaining volumes have also an interesting history, which cannot be given here. Mr. William Wilberforce Man, a New York attorney resident in Paris from 1848 to 1855, made this notable collection of French newspapers, which now finds a fitting abode in the Virginia State Library.

High prices for Americana have prevailed both last season and thus far in the present season. A recent sale of 193 lots at Scott & O'Shaughnessy's in New York brought a total return of \$16,370.25, or nearly \$85 per lot. Judge Samuel Sewall's copy of the Connecticut Laws elicited the highest bid, \$1600; Benjamin Lay's rare treatise on slavery, printed by Benjamin Franklin, was sold for \$910; the autograph manuscript of Goldsmith's first published poem, a short piece of twelve lines on "The Taking of Quebec, and Death of General Wolfe," brought \$1520, or \$126.66 for each line, or, in still other terms, \$16.17 for each word. The unique "Pilgrim's Progress" of 1681 Mr. George D. Smith thought well worth \$1360, and Washington's invoice of his investments in United States securities changed hands for a consideration of \$825. Early Western history also evoked brisk bidding. Evidently the distracting events of the past two years have not diverted the collector of Americana from his favorite pursuit.

The strain of war upon private libraries of England shows itself both in our imports of rare works that have been parted with for good American money, and in the announcements of auction sales in London. At Sotheby's there are passing under the hammer such delectable rarities as the works of La Fontaine in seventy volumes, 1784-9, bound in morocco by a book-binder of the period; the 1755-9 edition of the Fables; Shakespeare's "King Lear," 1608; two copies of the Second Folio of Shakespeare, and one of the Fourth Folio; divers Brontë books, manuscripts, and letters; Caxton's "Diets and Sayings of the Philosophers"; treasures from the Halliwell-Phillips library; Kelmscott Press productions, some of these being presentation copies from William Morris; and two copies of the Kilmarnock Burns, one of them in excellent condition and with some of its leaves unopened. Many of these and other like literary rarities will doubtless eventually find their way to our shores. It may seem hard that rich American collectors should thus profit by the distress of fellow-bookmen across the ocean; but it would be harder still for the pecuniarily embarrassed sellers if there were no well-to-do American buyers.

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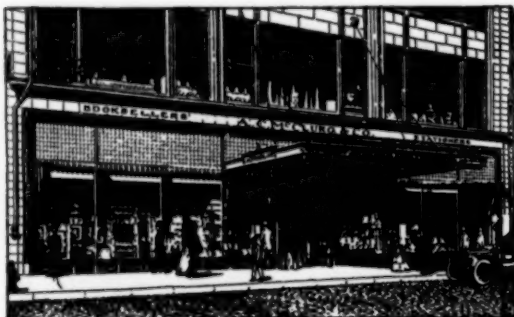
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### **NOTES AND NEWS.**

The Stratford Co., publishers of the "Stratford Journal," have recently brought out "My Last Friend, Dog Dick," by De Amicis, edited by Mary E. Burt, as the first of a projected series of translations of contemporary foreign work.

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's poem "All Life in a Life" was awarded the two hundred dollar prize by "Poetry" for the best poem by an American citizen published in its columns during 1915-16. The one-hundred dollar prize was awarded to Mr. John Gould Fletcher for his group of poems entitled "Arizona."

"The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton," in two volumes, by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Rickett, which is hailed as one of the most important literary biographies of the year, is to be published within a month by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. A notable series of portraits will illustrate the work.

The Dante League of America is now being organized for the purpose of promoting the knowledge and study of the poet and his works by popular lectures, literature, etc., and to prepare for the celebration of the 600th anniversary of Dante's death in 1921. Headquarters have been established at 23 E. 41st St., New York City.

According to the authorities of the New York Public Library, Mark Twain's works are issued in many languages through their circulation department. The little Russian and Polish translations of "Huckleberry Finn" are in constant demand; there are twelve titles in German, six in Hungarian, five in Bohemian, and numerous stories in Danish, Finnish, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish.

The death of Hamilton Wright Mabie, in his seventy-first year, removes an appreciative and industrious craftsman of letters. Mr. Mabie had been an associate editor of "The Outlook" for many years, but he found time to write many books on literature, nature, and life, all in a familiar style that gave him a wide following. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

"The Library of Modern Thought, which Messrs. Moffat, Yard announce for early publication will include twelve volumes. Among the contributors are: Professor Freud of Vienna and Dr. Jung of Zurich, Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred Russel Wallace, Dr. Gerald Leighton, and Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Professor Münsterberg, Edwin B. Holt, H. Addington Bruce, Dr. Isador Coriat, Scott Nearing, Bolton Hall, Dr. Eduard Hitzemann, and Dr. Alfred Adler.

Volume XV of the "National Cyclopaedia of American Biography" has recently been issued. The popular classification features have been continued. Added to over 2000 American authors, poets and literary writers in the fourteen previous volumes are: William Sydney Porter ("O. Henry"), Myrtle Reed, Alice Brown, Frank Norris, Clyde Fitch, Gene Stratton Porter, Edward A. Robinson, Price Collier, William C. Brownell, Arthur Stringer, Montgomery Schuyler, Eleanor



Gates, and Laura E. Richards. Their biographies contain full details of their early careers, lists of their writings, and criticisms of their literary style.

On December 30, Rudyard Kipling celebrated his fifty-first birthday. With him, as with so many other English authors, the last year has been one devoted almost entirely to thoughts of the war and services to his country. Perhaps the most notable of Mr. Kipling's writings in the last year is his series of papers describing the great Jutland sea battle which were of interest to Americans for their vivid pictures of the English navy in action. Besides the newspaper articles and a few poems he has written two short war books. One, "France at War, on the Frontier of Civilization" is an interpretation of the spirit of France and a statement to the English of their debt to the French Republic. The other book, "The Fringes of the Fleet" is a description of the "mosquito" or auxiliary fleet of small vessels which serve the dreadnaughts in so many ways.

Three volumes of literary studies by Mr. William A. Quayle offer themselves anew to public notice. They are "The Poet's Poet and Other Essays" (Abingdon Press; \$1.), first issued in 1897, "The Gentleman in Literature" (Eaton & Mains; 25 cents), published in 1902, and "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching: Lowell" (Eaton & Mains; \$1.), which appeared ten years ago. Browning and not Spenser is to Mr. Quayle the poet's poet. Don Quixote and John Halifax and Caponsacchi, with diverse other male characters familiar to readers of romance and poetry, form his motley company of gentlemen in fiction; and in truth they are a goodly company, though Miss Mulock's hero is rather too ostentatiously and self-consciously everything that is upright and honorable. The Lowell book gives whole pages to extracts from that poet; but it has also some heartily appreciative comment. Mr. Quayle has a vigorous style, and he evidently knows what he likes.

Rupert Hughes thus expresses his views as to why so many Americans are disposed to speak disparagingly of American literature: "When as a boy in Missouri and Iowa, I used to be invited to eat at another boy's house occasionally, I noticed a delightful flavor about the alien food that was lacking at home. As a matter of fact our own food was equally good and probably better; at least, the boys from other homes eating at mine said so. Later I realized that, next to hunger, there is no better sauce than novelty. I was crediting other folks' food with virtues it did not possess; bringing to it what I did not find in it. People who read books are subject to this same palatial fallacy. Fed up on American life and its representation in fiction, they take up an English or a Russian novel and are greatly excited. They wonder why American fiction lacks the brilliance and profundity of foreign fiction. They write doleful essays explaining the reasons. The usual explanation, repeated till it nauseates with its parrot-squawks, is that Americans write in haste and for money. This was said of authors before America was discovered and is as true of one country as of another."

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**As You Like It**. By William Shakespeare. Illustrated in color by Hugh Thomson. A sumptuous gift edition containing 24 full-page plates in color, besides numerous others in black and white by this famous artist. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Reduced from \$5 to \$2.75.

**Royal Copenhagen Porcelain: Its History and Development from the Eighteenth Century to the Present Day**. By Arthur Haydon. With 100 full-page plates, and giving tables of marks never before published. Beautifully printed and bound. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Reduced from \$15 to \$6.50.

**A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy**. By Laurence Sterne. With 12 full-page plates in color by Everard Hopkins. A sumptuous edition de luxe of Sterne's famous tale, limited to 500 copies, each of which is signed by the artist. London: Williams & Norgate. Reduced from \$7.50 to \$3.75.

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**John Pettie, R.A.: His Life and Paintings**. By Martin Hardie. Pettie, who was born in 1839 and died in 1892, was for many years a foremost figure in the Scottish school of art. A noteworthy feature is the series of 50 full-page reproductions in color of Pettie's chief paintings. London: A. & C. Black. Reduced from \$6 to \$2.50.

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Early Life and Letters of General (Stonewall)  
Thomas J. Jackson. By Thomas Jackson Arnold.  
With portraits, 8vo, 379 pages. Fleming H.  
Revell Co. \$2.

Forty Years at the Criminal Bar: Experiences and  
Impressions. By Edmund D. Purcell. With  
portrait, 12mo, 352 pages. London: T. Fisher  
Unwin.

Le Strange Records, A. D. 1100-1310. By Hamon  
Le Strange. Illustrated, 4to, 407 pages.  
Longmans, Green, & Co. \$7.

An Ancient Family. The Saxon origin of the family  
of Ingpen. By Arthur Robert Ingpen. 4to,  
207 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co.

#### HISTORY.

The Counts of Gruyère. By Mrs. Reginald de  
Koven. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 143 pages.  
Duffield & Co. \$2.

Continental Europe, 1270-1598. Revised and adapted  
from the French of P. Boudois and Ch. Dufay-  
ard by Chaifant Robinson. 12mo, 489 pages.  
Henry Holt & Co.

José de Gálvez: Visitor-General of New Spain,  
1765-1771. By Herbert Ingram Priestley. With  
frontispiece and maps, 8vo, 449 pages. Univer-  
sity of California Press.

#### ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Journalism versus Art. By Max Eastman. Illus-  
trated, 12mo, 146 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.  
American Literature in Spain. By John De Lancey  
Ferguson, Ph.D. 12mo, 267 pages. Columbia  
University Press.

Philippine Folk Tales. Compiled and annotated by  
Mabel Cook Cole. Illustrated, 12mo, 218 pages.  
A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

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